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NARRATIVE

OF THE RESIDENCE

OF THE

PERSIAN PRINCES IN LONDON,

IN 1835 AND 1836.

£4893

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR

JOURNEY FROM PERSIA,

AND SUBSEQUENT ADVENTURES.

By JAMES BAILLIE FRASER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN KHORASAN," "THE KUZZILBASH," "THE PERSIAN ADVENTURER," &c.

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RESIDENCE OF THE

PERSIAN PRINCES IN LONDON.

I HAVE not yet told you that, believing the journey on the whole was likely to be a pleasant and an easy one, I had asked and obtained permission to fill the vacant place in my carriage with the person of Mrs. F., who, disappointed of another trip which had been determined on, was not sorry to change it for a journey to Constantinople. In lieu of a female servant, she preferred taking her sister, who was not less fired with the thought of visiting that interesting quarter; and, as the ladies of course kept journals, I shall occasionally relieve the heaviness of my own lucubrations, by inserting some of their remarks, which will have, at all events, the freshness of first impressions.

" Sittingbourne, Sept. 3rd.

" FORTY miles from London, and I begin to feel that we are really on our journey, and, please God! to reach Constantinople, if life and health be spared us. The princes met us, on alighting, in the parlour, and were very pleasant: the eldest has a delightful expression, so sweet and benevolent, that no one would believe he could either cut off noses or pluck out eyes. He said to me, 'Now that Mrs. F. is come with us, all will go well.' We all dined together; Prince Reza Kolee handed me to table, and sat next me during dinner! I felt at first as if I would rather we had dined alone; but, ere half the dinner was over, we were all quite at ease. They are so frank and sweet with their little English phrases; and between Mr. F. and the interpreter Assad we get on finely. But assuredly it is a strange situation: what should I have said some ten or twelve years ago, had any one told me that I should find myself travelling to Constantinople in company with three Persian princes!

"Dovor, 5th.

"We reached this place yesterday, and hoped to have crossed at four in the morning; but it has been so stormy that they tell us we must wait till three to-day. I doubt not the princes hugged themselves on their reprieve. The Wali looks most wretched, and Prince Timour is far from well. Yesterday morning, however, notwithstanding he had taken medicine, he ate a most wonderful breakfast, of mutton chops, and omelette, and fowl, and rice, all mixed together, with lemon squeezed over it. They devour lemons: no wonder he is ill; the wonder will be if he is not worse. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant dinner. The princes were all in spirits at the feeling of having commenced their journey: even 'melancholy Jacques,' the Wali, talked, and almost laughed at my attempts at Persian words, and at the prince's English. The night had not at this time begun to be overcast, and their fears for the passage were not yet awakened. This forenoon, tired of staring out of the window at the sea, they betook themselves to sleep, to wile away the time.

" Calais, 6th.

" HERE, thank God! in Dessein's capital inn. We embarked yesterday afternoon, in view of a perfect crowd of spectators who lined the pier, among whom were several of the princes' London friends, who came up with the kindest greetings and wished every blessing on their path. It blew very hard, but was fine; so I felt quite well and bold, sitting beside the prince and Timour, who laughed and talked abundantly. As for the Wali, he made off at once to his lair below, determined from the first to be sick, while we as strenuously resolved to keep well: but it was all the same in the end,—no one was better than another. It got so rough, that, to avoid being drenched with spray, A. and I soon betook ourselves to the carriage. Presently the steward came to suggest the expediency of having a basin for our companion; but we scouted him away, assuring him that *we* never required such things. So A. fell vigorously to her Journal, and I to my books: but very soon the letters got too confused for my eyes, and the pen too heavy for A.'s fingers; so down went the window, and

I had but just time to roar for the despised basin, and get hold of it, when it was wanted. Thank Heaven! it was not very prolonged misery, for in little more than two hours and a half we were safe in the harbour of Calais.

"It was too late to clear our things at the custom-house that night; but, on our passports being seen, permission was most politely given to have what was required for comfort. So up the pier we trudged, followed by the crowd, I leaning on the prince's arm, as Mr. F. was otherwise employed. A coach was immediately prepared, and, before Mr. F. could return, the prince had seated us both in it: up then got he and the rest, and away we all drove to Dessein's; they chattering at a great rate, although none of us knew what the others would be at. They then had recourse to their few words of English, and it came out that this earnest appeal to me was to use my influence with Mr. F. not to put them again into a ship. So the whole three began, 'Mrs. F. you—Saheb F. no go ship—no go sea—no go black sea—no no ship—ship *bud budder*—ship no good—carriage good.—You, Mrs. F.

tell Saheb F. no go — no go :— go carriage.' Really it was a curious scene; and the suddenness of the change, and singularity of the situation, might well have made us ask ourselves whether it was not all a dream."

September 6th.

In the morning I found that the princes had been in sad commotion all night. The roll and tumble of the vessel had stirred up the Wali's bile, and he had taken some medicine, which had used him in a terribly rough way.

We had heard a great ringing of bells, and a mighty stir all night in their room, which was next to ours; so, about four in the morning, I went in to inquire what could be the matter. I found the whole party assembled around the Wali's bed, who was groaning and lamenting sadly; and the waiter and a very pretty *fille de chambre* earnestly seeking to be of use, but sadly at a loss to comprehend any one of them, the interpreter included. The waiter said he had been up with them for several hours, and he must have thought them a very strange set of people, for the room was in a terrible condition. I found the Wali

so much exhausted, that I feared we should scarcely have been able to continue our journey; but the rest were too impatient to get on, to brook delay: so they cockered him up with warm things after their own fashion; and after breakfast, and the business of the custom-house was over,—a matter which the civility of the officers rendered very easy,—we were enabled to start by half-past ten, and got on without any difficulty to St. Omer's. Here the poor Wali's pains recommenced, and we were forced to get him a room and foment his stomach with warm water, to which his brothers added a sound rubbing with olive oil.

When somewhat relieved, we again took the road, in hopes that the business was over; and, though the poor prince continued far from comfortable, we managed to get him into good quarters at Bailleul for the night.

Next day, the 7th, the Wali continuing better, we took an early breakfast, and were in our carriages a little before six. At Lisle, something requiring to be done to the wheels of the princes' coach, I thought it just as well that the Wali should see a medical man, by

way of precaution; and the doctor whom we called in ordered him a warm bath, which produced a very favourable effect. A draught of eggs, milk, and other stuffs, which was likewise prescribed, did less service; but, in fact, the Wali was a miserably bad patient, and gave no fair play either to medical men or their remedies. Not being ready for dinner with the rest, as they said, at Lisle, the princes had put up a quantity of bread and meat, to munch when they should get hungry; and the sick man, as it appeared, played his part with the others; so that when we reached Enghien, where we came to for the night, they were fit for nothing but to go at once to bed: it was the best thing, in fact, they could do.

A charming drive in a truly delicious morning brought us to Brussels by nine, on the 8th; but these villanous causeways,—it is few carriage wheels that can stand them with impunity, and the hind-wheels of the princes' coach, which was a comfortable but old vehicle, began to complain so much, that I resolved to have them put in thorough good condition here before starting afresh. The Wali, whose state

was not yet altogether satisfactory, would also be able to refit, and the rest of the party to take a view of "Belgium's capital."

The Wali, however, is a strange perverse being: far from well, though he confessed himself to be, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could prevail on him to see a medical man. "Why call in a doctor," said he, "when I won't take his medicines?"—"And why will you not?" said I. "I have no faith in them," said he; "your doctors here do not know hot things from cold; how can they do me good?" "Certainly," replied I, "our doctors do not practise according to your Persian rules: we in Europe put no faith in your distinction of remedies into hot and cold; we judge of medicines by their effects: what medical men know by experience relieves suffering in certain cases, they administer in all similar ones, and that is common sense. Now you want relief: either take such medicines as I shall venture to give you, or take the doctor's; or, if you will have neither, then prescribe for yourself; for something you must do, or we shall never get on."—"*Che-midanum*—what can I tell!" said

he, with a perplexed air: "if I were to drink a great caraffe of grape juice, I should be well, I am sure."—"Yes," replied I, "and probably soon at rest too, once for all, if that is the regimen you would follow."—"Ah," said he, "there it is; you won't believe me. What do you know about our temperament? your doctors here know nothing."—"Well," replied I, "that may or may not be; and if you had Persian doctors and Persian medicines here, you might employ them if you thought fit; but, as that is not the case, what will you do? you cannot remain as you are; say, what is to be done."—"Well, ah! I don't know;" and again he sat down in obvious perplexity. "Well," observed his brother, "but though you should not take his medicines, what harm can there be in allowing a doctor to see you?" "Why, where is the use of it when I don't believe a word he says?" This stupid bald sort of debate lasted so long that, quite worn out, I left him, and taking the elder prince aside, besought him to take his wayward brother in hand, representing how serious the consequences might be if matters were per-

mitted to go on as they were doing; that the journey might not only be delayed, but he might lose his brother on the way. The prince had good sense enough to see the truth of what I said: he went to his brother, and after a long and disagreeable altercation it was settled that a medical man should be sent for; and, strange enough to say, when the Wali had seen him, and heard what was advised, he made no objections to take his prescriptions; and the consequence was a material improvement in his health. I have told you this long story to show you what sort of creatures I had to do with, and that my charge was not an easy one, nor the duty I had to perform a sinecure.

In the mean time, we all went out to see the city, which is well worth the while; but there were two things in this afternoon's drive that seemed especially to strike the princes, and these were the cathedral and the hospital for old men and women. The neatness and good order of the last was perfect; and Timour was much amused by the collection of old bodies it contained, while the elder prince

readily applauded the benevolence which originated the institution, and seemed to think that, if ever he were in power again, it would be one of the things he should wish to imitate.

With the church the whole party were delighted; the pulpit, a rare chef-d'œuvre in carved wood, attracted great admiration. I have before observed that this style of ornament appears to suit their fancy. The beautiful painted windows too were much noticed, as well as the elegance of one of the chapels. On pointing out to Timour Meerza the fine altar-piece designed by Rubens, he asked who that figure above, with the beard, was designed for,—was it not *Huzrut Issaw?* (our Saviour.) I said no; it was intended to represent the Almighty. The scornful and irreverent laugh with which he received this piece of information startled some of our party, and those around us; I asked him why he laughed.—"The Almighty!" repeated he; "paint the Almighty! and under what likeness? that of an old man with a beard! Why not paint the wind? Can you do that? you can see it as well as the Almighty. Where is it, and where

is he? I will give any man twenty thousand tomauns for a handful of the wind, if he will bring it me!"

He was a good deal interested by the place of sepulture of those that fell in the late revolution and war with the Dutch; and the trees in the place before the hotel, torn and wounded by the shot, and still exhibiting marks of the fray, failed not to attract his particular notice: they are certainly striking memorials of a singular and bloody event.

In the evening we all went to the opera, where, by the kindness of Sir Hamilton Seymour, we were accommodated with the box of the English ambassador; but the performance, which was "Fra Diavolo," was far from being first-rate.

Next day, the 9th, until our carriage and the Wali should complete their repairs, we examined the palace of the Prince of Orange, which of its kind is certainly a curiosity, with its marble and granite lined walls, and its parquetted and inlaid floors so slippery that you are forced to slide along in worsted slippers; and its great saloon, with its cande-

labras, and six hundred candles. But the mode in which the place is shown is a mere mockery; for you are hurried along, suite after suite, covered and papered from view, so that the eye takes in nothing, and has no time to comprehend what may, without doubt, be very admirable, if we could but have leisure to see it. There are many fine pictures, but you must not go near them, lest, crossing the room, you should hurt the polish of the floor: nor must you make a stop at those which are within eye-shot, because you stop the company which have collected to be thus led through like a flock of sheep; and the time of Monsieur the Conducteur, or groom of the chambers, or whatever he may be, is precious, for he has another flock to conduct through the gorgeous maze, from whom, as from you, he expects a harvest of fees. I saw one splendid Rubens, worth, I should think, all the celebrated Titians which have cost our National Gallery so dear. As for the prince, as he sailed through the rooms, he frequently kept repeating "Ai Windsor, Windsor."

At three o'clock our party was ready. The

prince, instead of being anxious to pass another day at Brussels, was desirous of nothing so much as to get on; so, ordering horses, we drove to Tirlemont, where we took up our quarters for the night.

Sept. 10.—A delicious morning, with the first taste of autumnal sharpness and a fine bracing air, saw us early on foot. We walked up all the hills from choice, to enjoy the weather and the prospect; and Timour, who had been getting stronger and better every hour since he left London, in spite of sea-sickness, skipped and ran along like a young fawn, shouting aloud for very delight.

At Liege, being detained for a while for want of horses, we tried to take Timour Meerza and the interpreter on foot to see the town; but the crowd of idlers and blackguards, that collected round us at the sight of the foreign costumes, forced us to turn back and give up the attempt: never saw such a ragamuffin "tail" to any great or little man before! At Liege, again, the princes preferred ordering provisions into the carriage, to dining regularly at the hotel. Whether it was the

earliness of the hour, and consequent want of appetite, that made them prefer this, I do not know; but a wonderful mess they got together, —bread and cheese, roast fowls, raw onions, lemons, fruit, &c. &c.—and they kept picking at them all day. But they greatly enjoyed the fine country, always getting out to walk up the hills, stopping to babble at every little water-course and spring by the road-side, and shouting aloud to each other when anything attracted their attention. They were enchanted with finding a certain fine blue flower, common in Persia, and called the *Gool-e-coshnee*, growing all over the banks and fields; and, gathering a quantity, presented them to the party in the carriage.

The country was beautiful as long as we could see it on the way to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived only at nine o'clock in the evening. It was not the Douane which detained us, for the officers gave us no trouble, nor did the business occupy twenty minutes; but the postilions drove ill, and storm and darkness overtook us long before we reached the frontier. The roads were good in

spite of the shaking causeways; but I never saw worse engineering than they display all through Belgium and this part of Prussia. The road all the way from Battice led us along the crest of a long elevated ridge, which we ascended, as it appeared, for the express purpose of descending again, although there was a valley on either hand in which the road might have been conducted.

Sept. 11.—The rain, which welcomed us to Aix, fell through the whole night; and we started in a heavy shower, holding on to Cologne, which we reached just in time for the table d'hôte. The princes sat looking at us from another room for some time, but after a little persuasion joined us. They did not much, however; and the Wali took an opportunity to tell me that his brother had a little bit of a quarrel with me, the grounds of which he would inform me of if I pleased. I begged that he would without scruple say what he had in his mind, as I had no object but their comfort in view, and should always be glad to hear how that might best be secured. The heads of offence proved to be these, so far

as they could be made intelligible:—In the first place, they complained that, in crossing from Dovor to Calais, I had not provided a vessel especially for their convenience, nor secured suitable accommodations in the packet which did carry them across. Secondly, they had some fault to find either with the fare provided for them, or with the times at which they were required to eat it, or with the manner of serving it up. And, thirdly, that there had been some mistake about persons being admitted to visit them without sufficient intimation being given for them to prepare for their reception. These charges were confirmed to me by the elder prince himself, who prefaced the detail by observing, that when there was any difference of opinion between friends, it was always best to speak out at once what was to be said, and not to hoard up ill-will. He said he saw that Saheb Fraser was *Bee-demaugh*,—out of spirits,—and that probably the message he had sent by the Wali was the cause, but that now he would tell me all himself. I replied that it was the best course he could take; that when the Wali had any-

thing to complain of himself, I should be ready to hear him; but that when the Shahzadeh felt himself aggrieved, it was from his own mouth alone I wished to hear the matter.

After listening to all he had to say, I very easily proved to him how little I was to blame in any of the matters of which he complained. That, as to a private packet-boat, there were no such things ever thought of; and that the same steamer, and the same accommodations which he had, were those made use of by all our own nobility, and even princes, when travelling as he was. As to the complaints affecting the victualling department, I could not bring him to facts at all; and it seemed that the whole affair lay rather in the hours of eating, than in the food itself; these being contrary to their habits. I reminded him that, before commencing the journey, I had consulted with him about the hours of starting and of meals, and he confessed that such had been the case; but it was now agreed that, instead of breakfasting in the morning before setting out, when they said they had no appetite, a provision should be made the night

before, and placed in the coach at their disposal, to consume when hunger required it; that therefore we should no longer make any stop in the middle of the day, but take our principal meal at night. With regard to the admission of visitors, it turned out that the complaint referred to a circumstance which had occurred at Brussels. A short time before we left that city, an officer had been sent by the governor of the place to offer the princes a visit; this messenger, during the bustle preceding departure, had been shown by the waiter into the room where the princes were seated, lounging according to their custom, when not on ceremony. I did not know who this messenger was, nor his rank; so I just mentioned the fact of their royal highnesses being on the wing; and, knowing how unwelcome it would be to them, begged to decline his excellency's visit, acknowledging at the same time his polite attention. "Well," said the prince, "but what disrespect it was to permit the messenger to have access to our presence, without even being announced!" "Prince," said I, "reflect a little, and you will see how

unjustly you charge me with this neglect. At the moment he entered the room, you know I was engaged in hearing the doctor's final derections about the Wali; I could attend to nothing else then; and I conceive you can hardly intend to make me accountable for the blunder of every careless or ignorant waiter." He acknowledged that this also would be unreasonable, and stipulated only for a general charge to be given at such places as we might halt at, not to permit any one to approach the presence without leave asked and obtained. I then put an end to a long and very needless conversation, by assuring the prince that not only was it my duty, according to my instructions, but my wish from regard to himself and his brothers, to afford him every comfort, and secure to him all due respect as far as might lie in my power. That, however, we were now no longer in England, where all things were at his disposal on a wish being expressed: that, when I should request him to tell me what things he desired to have, he must not suppose, as he seemed inclined to do, that it was from any wish to limit him in matters of

expense; on the contrary, that it was entirely for the purpose of supplying every want; for though certainly I should hold myself to blame were I causelessly to squander the public money, yet my orders were to supply his royal highness with every comfort. That we were now going through countries where his accommodations would be very different from what he had hitherto been accustomed to, and all that I could promise was to procure him the best; but that he must rely on my word and exertions, and not be always imagining that, because his comforts might be diminished from a change of country, I must necessarily be to blame.

The prince said that this was all very good, —that every country had its own customs: in Persia, a guest, with himself for instance, never required to ask for anything,—all was provided for him in abundance, leaving nothing to desire; in Europe it might be different. "And how, prince," replied I, "did you find things at Mivart's, during your whole stay in London? Was there anything then left you to desire? were not amusements and every com-

fort pressed on your acceptance? had you not then all that money could procure?" The prince acknowledged that all this was true. "Then that should at least be a proof of my good-will to you, prince. But this is not London; and a very little reflection ought to show you how impossible it must be, in every change of place and scene, to make arrangements that shall not sometimes infringe upon your comfort, if, indeed, we are to get on at all with our journey; and it follows that, however much you may dislike being appealed to on such subjects, I must, in order to do my duty towards you, sometimes consult you with a view to supplying your wants." The "palaver" closed in a perfectly amicable way; and not the less so, that his royal highness saw that not only had I the right side of the argument, and he the wrong, but that I was determined to keep it so.

The whole of this affair was very much *à la mode de Perse*, and a little in the same strain as the remonstrance with me on the occasion of the East India Company's dinner. They think that here, as in Persia, there must be

an eternal struggle to maintain their consequence; and that, unless the subject is wakened now and then with a breeze, it is apt to go to sleep, and slide down hill. I was sure that after this squall the atmosphere would clear up again, and so it happened indeed; for, as if to make up for his silly pettishness, the poor prince was even more anxious than before to make himself agreeable, and more easily pleased with all that occurred.

LETTER II.

We slept that night at Bonn, having passed the flat country from Cologne in rather gloomy weather. On the following day, a little after six, we started, with a morning which threatened and smiled by turns as we rolled on towards Andernach; but it cleared up charmingly as we approached the more interesting points of the road, and we were delighting ourselves with the lovely country, when, on bowling along the level ground towards Coblentz, we observed bodies of troops in movement upon the plain. Rumours of certain reviews of the Prussian troops in this neighbourhood had reached us on our way hither, and it appeared not only that these rumours were well founded, but that we had actually got into the thick of the business; for, on nearing the plain, I saw that it was covered with multitudes of armed men. It was a beautiful sight. In some places, the whole

surface was whitened and glittering with their bayonets; in others, dark masses stood still as thunder clouds, or moved and marched in splendid military order. We stood looking at them for some time, when the prince, who was always nervously afraid of being recognised, or meeting with some *shahzadeh* or other on terms that to him seemed derogatory, though delighted with the spectacle, began to get uneasy, for the troops were now evidently moving towards their tents, which whitened the ground a few miles off; so we too moved on slowly with the marching columns. These, soon crossing the fields, entered the road, and we thus had a fine opportunity of seeing even the detail of their infantry and light cavalry to the best advantage. They appeared to me by far the best equipped, best ordered, best looking, and most purpose-like troops I have ever seen, after our own. The men were unexceptionable; their clothes exceedingly handsome, well-made, and well-worn; and their arms and accoutrements in the best possible order. Their whole appearance was soldierlike, smart, and good. I saw no manœuvres, but they marched well.

The cavalry, chiefly lancers, looked equally well; their horses not quite equal to the men; but even they, though small, were stout, serviceable beasts. The officers had a more gentlemanly air in my eyes than those either of the French or Belgian army. On the whole it was a most interesting sight, and I thought ourselves most fortunate to catch it; for it is not every day that one can see more than thirty thousand of the finest troops in Europe collected together in array.

We paid for our sight at the hotel in Coblentz, not only in indifferent fare and bad attendance, but in detention for want of horses. All the food, and all the service of the house, was monopolized by the table d'hôte for the heroes of the review, so that we could scarcely get an article to eat: nor was there a private room to be had; every hotel, and even every house, was full; and it was with great difficulty I obtained permission for the princes to sit in a room of a private house, whose owner was a connexion of the master of the hotel. Well pleased we all were when horses were at last procured, and we drove on to St. Goar, where

again we were forced to halt for want of horses, and in fine to come to for the night.

On the whole, we had this day a very delightful drive. Independent of all sights, you may well comprehend the pleasure we must have felt in bowling along the banks of the Rhine, on good roads and in a fine day. These banks, however, though assuredly very beautiful, are I think quite enough lauded. Except in one part, they are monotonous in point of height and contour; and it is, rather, to the quick succession of picturesque towns and villages,—the signs and tokens of happiness and plenty, the traces of the hand of man, and the images of comfort and refinement presented to the mind, — that they owe their chief charm, than even to the castles so numerous and celebrated. These, as has been more than once remarked, I think, are too *petite,* and too much placed as if on purpose for effect. To test the truth of this opinion, let any one who knows the Rhine imagine its banks in a state of nature; no magnificent forests,—mere brushwood,—no towns nor sparkling villages,—only here and there a brown frowning castle; I

think he will feel that the whole affair will then dwindle into what indeed must be always an imposing object, — a fine river sweeping swiftly to the ocean. But where would be its loveliness? Gloomy castles upon craggy rocks, and the roar of a swollen stream, may be all very fine in a novel; but in real life, I take it, the smiling villages and gay towns, and "the sound of the church-going bell," are the things we love to see and to hear. It is a pity that the road is in many places so shut in with fruit-trees and orchards that the view of many of the most beautiful points and objects which he is passing is hid from the land traveller; I should vote for having most of these cut down. Yet still, even with this disadvantage, I am not sure that he does not enjoy a better and more satisfactory view than he could in a steamer or a sailing-boat: and if he had time to stop and plunge into the numerous tempting valleys and ravines that open, soliciting as it were to be explored, I do not know how a month or two could be more pleasantly employed than in such an examination of this very fascinating country. Yet, after all, I suspect, if truth were

told, the banks of the Rhine most frequently disappoint the travelled stranger, from the very fact of his hopes having been raised too high by previous rumour. Many points of view reminded me strongly of corresponding scenes in our own Scotland; but there indeed we cannot boast of those picturesque towns and villages that here embellish the landscape.

In looking over the name-book kept by our host of St. Goar, the princes not less than myself were amused by his pointing out to me the name of a "Persian prince," as he was termed, who had passed here some years before. The gentleman who on this occasion had assumed the style and title of royalty, had made choice of no less a character than that of the Prince Royal, and acknowledged heir to the throne of that country,—Abbas Meerza himself. Who it could have been, I have no notion, unless it was Seyed, or *Seidee* Khan, as he is called, an Armenian agent of that prince, sufficiently well known in this country, who, on return from one of his missions, had thought fit to hoax the good folks of St. Goar in this egregious style.

On the next day, the 13th, we reached Frankfort about four o'clock, having travelled over much of this beautiful country in a fall of heavy rain. The town was full, we were informed; but we secured excellent accommodations in the Hôtel de Russie for the night, upon condition of quitting them next day, the apartments having been previously secured from that time, as they informed us, for a Prussian prince, I think. On the morrow, however, Timour Meerza, who had been slightly complaining, whether from cold, or indigestion, in consequence of the trash he persisted in devouring, became so far from well, that it was necessary to give him a day's rest, and fortunately we were permitted to remain. We took the opportunity to see something of the town, and to visit two objects which I should recommend to the attention of all travellers: the beautiful statue of Ariadne, by a Prussian artist whose name I forget, and which belongs to a private individual of the city, who most liberally admits every one that applies for permission to see his collection; and the museum of natural history, a most

extensive and well-arranged collection of preserved animals of all species, formed by the genius of an enthusiastic individual, but supported by private subscription. The two elder princes were greatly struck and delighted with this; more so by far than I could have anticipated.

In the evening the prince and the Wali accepted the invitation of Mr. Cartwright, the British minister here, to a party at his house, to meet the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg: it was a very pleasant evening; the Landgravine was most gracious, and the prince most complimentary. The whole *corps diplomatique* was there; and among the rest the Sardinian minister, Monsieur de Rossi, with his beautiful wife, the ci-devant well-known siren Sontag. To this lady the prince paid much attention; for, although hers was not just the complexion which Persians most admire, her spirit and sweetness, and her fine eyes, made a strong impression on his heart. A few of the usual compliments brought on a conversation regarding the various descriptions of female beauty, and particularly in Persia and in

Europe; and the prince remarked how much more lasting was that fleeting flower in England than in his own country. "Our Persian ladies," said he, "are old, almost before those of England have attained the full perfection of their charms: but England is a happy country; what is there there to distress or perplex its females? the ladies are the objects of supreme attention, and are guarded like treasures by the men from every evil. Ah! happiness, after all, is the great preserver of beauty: one sees," added he, turning to Madame de Rossi, "one sees that this lady is happy." I explained the observation and the compliment. "Ah, mon Dieu!" replied Madame de Rossi, turning to a lady who was next her, "if that were but true; but we know that good looks are not always a true index of happiness!" I trust the energy and look of feeling which accompanied this reply did not derive their origin from personal experience at least, and that the fair countess is as truly happy as she is lovely.

The Wali, meanwhile, was at his old occupation of writing, and made some neat enough

allusion to the political position of Frankfort, calling it "the bride of Europe." Poor Timour Meerza, being unable to come in person, sent as his excuse to the lady of the house one of those embossed flowers, which, as you know, he forms so neatly with his nails upon paper. The sight of this trifle, which was much admired, produced an eager demand for more of the same sort, and the elder prince set-to work to manufacture them. He presented one to the Landgravine; and, on her royal highness requesting that he would put his name to it, he immediately complied, signing his name as "Reza Koolee Meerza, the King of England's willing and attached slave." But time ran short, and in fact he was a less skilful artist than his brother; so he took leave with a promise to send better specimens of this new manufacture, as tokens of remembrance, on the morrow, to her royal highness the Landgravine, and to his much admired Madame de Rossi, with a few other persons of the last evening's party; and this promise was duly performed.

By this time the princes and their lady fellow-travellers understood one another so well,

that I made no difficulty, when business called me out of the way, of leaving them to entertain each other; and it was wonderful how well they succeeded. "I had lain down to lounge," says Mrs. F.'s Journal "on one of the tempting sofas (in the saloon of the Hôtel de la Russie at Frankfort), when in came that creature Timour, chanting his wild Persian airs in so extraordinary a way, that a nap was out of the question. If —— and —— had been here, they would have died of laughing at the extraordinary variety of uncouth sounds he uttered. By-and-by the prince returned, delighted with his drive, and, sitting down between A. and me, he began expressing his pleasure with all the English phrases and words he could command; and a wonderful conversation did he contrive to keep up for more than half an hour. He told us he had one little daughter called Hava, which means Eve, and eight sons,—one, his eldest, very pretty, the same whose picture is enamelled on his dagger; 'that, please God! he go Baghdad, see good wife and mother, and two sisters, and five brothers; and Mrs. F. come to Baghdad, see wife and sisters;' with

a great deal more: he certainly improves in his English. Next evening, when the two elder princes and Mr. F. were at the English minister's, Timour, being on the doctor's list, remained with us. He was not very ill, however, and active enough, Heaven knows! for he kept dozing about the room like a top, singing his wild music, sometimes very sweetly, and much like an old Highland *croon*. A. and I had got our table close to the fire, and taken to our work-boxes, when he came, drew in his chair, and held forth for an hour in a most extraordinary fashion. What between signs and words we got on wonderfully; he told us all about their families, repeated what the eldest had said of his, and said that the Wali had only one daughter. We asked how many he had himself; he replied, 'Three daughters, and one leetel boy; one — two daughters dead; mother write England two leetel daughters dead.' We asked 'Daughter pretty?' 'No,' he said; 'daughter no pretty; leetel boy pretty, leetel pretty.' 'Little girl no pretty,' said I, interrogatively; 'but little girl good?' 'No, no,' said Timour, laughing, 'no pretty, no good;'

and in this way we went on in great merriment till our friends returned, and their account of their party added to our amusement. The prince had been very graciously received by her royal highness the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, who was there; and was highly gratified with his evening. Their replies to the many questions asked of them were, as usual, marked by much courtesy of expression and excellent tact. The Wali, for instance, who had heard that Frankfort was a free town, at peace with all nations, though belonging to none, being asked whether he admired the city, and what he thought of it, replied, 'I admire it so much, that in my journal this day I have called it 'the bride of Europe.'"

On the morrow, the 15th, the doctor having pronounced Timour Meerza sufficiently well to proceed, we left Frankfort, after a glance at its celebrated fair, and very oriental-looking bazaar, about half-past one; and, driving through the rich garden ground, which surrounds this beautiful city for several miles, reached Asshauffensburgh by six in the evening. This town, which belongs to Bavaria,

is chiefly remarkable for a fine palace,—a hunting-seat, I believe,—which stands upon a rising ground, and is seen on the left as you enter from Frankfort. But the light was too far gone to admit of our seeing much of it; and we left the place so early in the morning, that I was unable to catch another glimpse of it. We remarked, however, a great falling off in the comfort of our accommodations, the hotel being far inferior to those we had been accustomed to: but there was none in the scale of expense; we were still charged *en prince*, as we have been all along, Heaven knows!

The scenery, on leaving Asshauffensburgh, is rich and very pleasing. After passing through the more immediate and highly cultivated environs of the town, the road rises among undulating hills of red soil, partly vine-clad, and partly dotted with fruit-trees, but all in a state of cultivation; and from the top of these you have a noble view of the distant low country the whole way to Frankfort. One strong characteristic feature of the scenery here is the frequent and well-loaded fruit-trees that are scattered over the ground, both single

and in groups; and everything wears a decided look of general productiveness and prosperity. Our road led first through sweet varied valleys, with numerous villages ensconced in delightful nooks beneath us, among meadows bordered with fruit-trees and surrounded with cultivation: each would have made a perfect picture of rural comfort.

We next entered a more wooded country, and passed through an extensive forest, covering similar undulating but not inconsiderable heights, until we descended upon the town and convent of Lengfurth; the latter of which, now the palace of the Countess Lievenstein, is beautifully situated on a terrace overhanging the Maine. We had now crossed two ranges of these undulating hills; a third, more bare than either of the former, still lay before us; and, crossing these, we descended once more into the valley of the Maine, upon the noble castle of Mount Ste. Marie, and the fine old town of Wurtzburgh.

We reached it about four o'clock; and, having secured accommodations for the party, proceeded to view the palace of the former

bishops of the place. An accident, however, enabled us, on the succeeding day, to take a more perfect view of this noble pile of building. It appeared, on examining the carriages, that the axletree of the princes' coach had given way at the shoulder, and it was most fortunate that we reached the town unharmed; as even a few minutes' longer driving must have occasioned the carriage to break down. The fact is, that the coach was so heavily loaded with persons and baggage, that no common work could stand the wear and tear of posting, particularly on the causewayed roads we had so lately left. The time requisite for repairing the damage enabled us to see the more of Wurtzburgh. It astonishes me that this palace of Wurtzburgh is so little known as it appears to be, lying as it does in the direct route by Frankfort to Vienna. In no English publication or book of travels have I seen it noticed; yet it appears to me one of the finest buildings I ever saw. It was erected, as we were informed, by Count Schoenbrunn, bishop of Wurtzburgh, about one hundred and twenty years ago, and occupied twenty-five years in

building. It is constructed of a fine reddish stone, in a style of architecture that reminds one of something between the Louvre, so far as I recollect that palace, and the buildings of our own Wren. The ornaments are much in the taste of Louis XIV. It stands, I believe, upon a square base, but with fine recessions and projections on each face; and every door, window, and niche, is symmetrical and highly adorned. To give you an idea of its extent,—we were told that it contains three hundred and sixty apartments, and we were threatened with a walk of I don't know how many leagues in viewing them all.

The style of the grounds attached to this palace corresponds with the architecture; ponds, shaven turf, clipped hedges, pleached alleys, statues, groves, shrubberies, all preserved in very tolerable order, stretch to a considerable extent behind: before it there is a fine large paved court, which embraces the two sides of the building, and which is a thoroughfare for the public.

When we entered the lower story of this superb edifice, we were struck by the grandeur

of the hall and staircase; though, perhaps, it may be objected that, from the comparative lowness of the basement story, the former wants height. Not so the space through which the noble and easy staircase ascends to the first floor. The ceiling and walls of this are all superbly painted with scenery emblematic of the four quarters of the globe, although some injury has been sustained apparently from damp. The balustrades of the staircase, and the landing-places, are adorned with marble statues. As for describing the endless suites of public and private apartments, it would fatigue without enlightening you. To give you some notion of their vastness,—we looked through one vista of six hundred feet long. It is large enough for half a dozen of crowned heads; and for magnificence, as well as magnitude, Windsor itself must give way: such parquetted floors! such crimson, and gold, and velvet, and marble, and sculpture! Of the infinite series of suites which we wandered through, not one was in bad taste: one, for instance, was finished in crimson velvet and gold; another in green satin and gold; another

in blue and silver; another, again, in rich purple velvet and gold; and so on. The centre hall, under a fine painted dome, was one of the most striking objects I ever met with. Its exquisite scagliola and marble pillars, and sculpture, and gilding, left no idea of magnificence unexhausted; it was a room for Aladdin's palace. Next to it was another apartment, fitted up with painted glass, mirrors, and gold, in millions of fantastic devices: it was a perfect fairy chamber; we all agreed we had never seen anything to compare with it.

But the church within the palace is, after all, the jewel of the whole. I can conceive nothing more perfect in its way; nor, so far as my memory serves me, have I ever seen anything in the least to compare to it. It is not large, but the interior is entirely composed of various coloured marbles and scagliola; pillars, arches, niches, all with gilding and sculpture of the most exquisite taste, and in unspeakable profusion. The altars and pulpit are beautiful beyond description; and there is a quantity of gold and silver, and precious stones, and riches, in dim and dazzling profusion, which confounds

the very brain, and suggests ideas perhaps superior to the truth. I do not think any church can tell in point of beauty after this.

Among other things, the vestry was shown us, and the gorgeous robes of the former bishops were taken from their wardrobes and displayed: gorgeous indeed they were, and rich in stuff and fabric; but the only observation which Timour Meerza made upon seeing them, was, in his queer English, "Very *pooty indeed;* but, if they were mine," added he, in Persian, "I would put them all upon my horses."

Among other apartments in this palace, there was a sort of riding-room, with a round-about for taking exercise on during bad weather. A post was fastened in the centre, from which branched beams like radii, and at the end of each of these was a wooden block, in form like the head and body of a horse, saddled and bridled, which, when impelled by the strength of men, revolved rapidly round this centre; and I think there was some contrivance for its imitating the up-and-down movement of a gallop. On a circle beyond that which

these described, were fixed other blocks, representing the bodies and heads of men; and we were told that the sport as well as the exercise intended, was for the riders on the horses to endeavour with the truncheon of a lance, or a blunt sword, to hack and hew and mutilate these blocks, during their rapid revolutions, as they would do those of an enemy in actual combat. This was just the thing for Timour Meerza: before the explanation was half complete, he was in the saddle upon one of the wooden horses; the guides, amused, humoured his fancy; one gave him a sword, another turned round the machine, while Timour, flourishing his sword, made noses and heads fly like turnip-tops from the trunks and faces of the wooden men. As the motion increased in rapidity, Timour grew more animated and struck more fiercely; he seemed quite to forget that it was but a sham fight after all, and looked as he would have done when riding through the fierce *mêlée* of a real action;—he made truly a fierce figure. It reminded me of the story of the young aspirant for knighthood, related in some of the old romances, who,

eager to gain his spurs before some approaching engagement, but having no enemy actually within reach, drove his horse against a grove of trees, and laid about him with such might and main as to leave no doubt of his prowess on the minds of the spectators.

The only thing wanting to complete the perfection of this fine palace, so far as I could discover, was pictures, of which certainly I saw but few, and those I think not remarkable;—perhaps those that belonged to it have been taken to enrich the splendid collection at Munich. The king himself resides here very little; seldom spending more than a day or two, as I was informed, in passing through this part of his dominions. This, and the fact of the place being so little known, are, after all, perhaps, the most surprising facts connected with it.

There is nothing more fatiguing than looking over fine houses, and galleries, and curiosities; and the princes, exhausted, and quite satisfied with what they had seen, would not accompany the rest of the party to the two principal churches of the place, which are fine

and worth seeing, though not in the exquisite style of that in the palace. Afterwards we drove round the Boulevards, which are laid out in gardens by order of government, in a manner that shows the attention of the sovereign to the comforts of his people.

I have not said half what is due to the fine old town of Wurtzburgh, with its statued bridge, and its noble castellated fortress; but I assure you that any traveller who may be able to command the time, will find it a place well worth devoting a couple of days to the examination of.

On the evening of our arrival,—I cannot tell why,—there seemed to be something of a gloom hanging over the party, and I frequently observed that on such occasions the prince himself made an exertion to cheer up our spirits: in this he generally succeeded; but on the present occasion Timour Meerza's mind seemed to be the freest from care, and he took upon himself the *frais* of the conversation, chatting away at a great rate. Among other things, he reverted to the interior of the Shah's menage and the gossip of the *Tumbel Khaneh*. The Malekeh, or mistress, of this apartment,

Sumbool Khanum, has charge also of all that relates to the preparation of food for the royal table. She is bound by duty to watch the cooks; sees the meat made ready; and, being satisfied that all is right, she seals the dishes herself in three places. This is always strictly observed, in order to guard against the perpetration of evil designs. Yet, in spite of this precaution, it appears that accidents will happen, and mischief be occasionally successful.

On one occasion, when the king was at Kanzeroon, his majesty's breakfast was dressed out of doors, under the care of his Nazir, Ismael Khan, a son of the Ameen-u-dowlut, minister for the interior. It happened, very unusually however, that his majesty was not hungry that day, and contented himself with picking some bread and cheese, seasoned with a little mint: the rest of the breakfast, that is to say, all the pillaws and stews, &c. he made over to those of his household who were in attendance, and who soon devoured it all.

In half an hour afterwards every one of them was deadly sick, affected in the most grievous manner, as if by a violent cholera morbus. When this was told to the Shah, he sent for

Ismael Khan; and though he himself had eaten of the unwholesome food, and was quite as much a sufferer as the rest, he ordered him to receive two thousand blows on his feet, by way of counter-irritation, I suppose, which he accordingly suffered: so delightful a thing is it to be steward to the Shah of Persia! How the mischief could have taken place, or who was its author, was never discovered; for the victuals had been dressed by the royal cooks in the king's own silver *kablumah,* or travelling kitchen apparatus, and no strangers were known to have approached during the process: but his majesty's own happy fortune in a failing appetite on that particular day, got the credit of his lucky escape.

His majesty, it must be understood, was a huge feeder. As I have said already, he generally begins to eat for half an hour before his guests—when he has any—are permitted to commence; and continues, for half an hour after they are gone, to pick and gorge himself with tit-bits. This intemperance did great injury to his constitution, and was the subject of many disputes between himself and his physi-

cians, who frequently find themselves called upon to lay his majesty under restrictions which he does not easily brook. I am afraid to say how much he used to eat of a certain sort of soup of which he was very fond, or the quantity of water-melon juice with which he washed it down. On one occasion he had made himself ill with eating quantities of *mâs*, or sour boiled milk, the use of which was accordingly interdicted. But he found means to elude the prohibition without its being known to the physicians, of whom he stood in some awe; and these means were at times ludicrous enough.

You know that the Persians always dye their beards of a fine black,—this process takes place in the bath; and after the hair has caught the colour, it is usual to wash it with mâs, in order to take off the roughness. So, one day after the application of the colour, his majesty seized hold of the vessel of mâs which the barber had brought for washing the royal beard, and tasted it as usual, by dipping into it his finger. But it appeared not to give satisfaction, for he turned-to and abused the

poor barber violently, as a rascal and a *ghorumsaug*, for bringing mâs of *goat's* milk to wash the king's beard. In vain did the unfortunate shaver declare that the mâs was of the same quality that he had used to wash his majesty's beard with for thirty years past; the king called him a villain and a liar, rejected his excuse, and ordered him a handsome allowance of the bastinado.

The next time the barber presented himself in the royal presence on this duty, he took especial care to have an immense dish of the finest possible mâs with the cream standing on it half an inch thick. His majesty's eyes glistened,—the dish was brought within reach, —the royal finger was immersed, and this time words of approbation instead of abuse issued from the royal lips.—"Hah! *Barikillah!*" said his majesty, "your face is white today: this mâs *is* fit for the king's beard, but it is too fat, man;" and the finger dipped faster and faster into the tempting stuff. The barber ventured to remonstrate, humbly representing that his majesty was under a prohibition with regard to mâs, and would do himself

an injury. "Hah! *ghorumsaug!*" said his majesty, "it is not the mâs, but the cream that I am eating, and you know that is *not* good for the king's beard;" so on he went till not only the cream but half the mâs disappeared, and next day the barber had a khelut and the Shah the fever: so the physicians were forced to command that none of the tempting article should be brought into his majesty's presence, whether to wash his beard or fill his stomach.

In such chat the evening wore away, not unpleasantly; but their royal highnesses had also their own little private pastimes. On the way hither, they had been attracted by a parcel of barberry bushes, covered with rich and tempting festoons of berries. They stopped the coach and out they all got, and the bushes within reach were stript of their crop in a twinkling. These barberries they here squeezed, and made the juice into sherbet; and never was good housewife more earnest about the manufacture of her jams and jellies in the fruit season, than they about that of their sherbet: with their own august hands, assisted only by their servant, did they concoct it,

and store it in bottles for future use. It appeared too, that, not being satisfied with the fare of the first evening here, they were determined to try what they could do to mend it on the second. So the Persian servant was sent into the kitchen to boil rice for a pillaw; and the two younger, not satisfied with his exertions, would go and assist him, to the great amusement of the people of the inn, who no doubt had never before seen persons of royal rank so occupied.

All this, you will say, was neither very dignified nor much in accordance with the tone of the remonstrances which had occasionally been made to me on the score of respect and ceremonious attention; but Persia is not the country of consistency, and all this was truly Persian. Let an absurdity be ever so great, it signifies not, so long as it is their own; but let another propose what may appear to them in the slightest degree derogatory to dignity, and they are up in arms in a moment: yet in this respect they are not singular, I fancy; it is not Persian princes alone who will work only "when their ain de'il bids them."

In the course of our second day's stay here, the prince, who as I have said was rather low on the preceding evening, spoke much to me regarding his own present situation and prospects for the future. The three brothers had been talking of their past life and fallen fortunes, and dwelling with more emphasis than philosophy on all they had possessed and lost. The pleasures of the chase, as usual, were engaging Timour's thoughts, while his elder brother was rather considering the uncertain future. "Ah! what noble hawks I had in those days, Saheb Fraser!" Timour said to me; "what capital dogs, both greyhounds and pointers!—and such servants—such followers! by your head, every one a Roostam! And then, what matchless horses! Shubdeez, [the favourite and unequalled steed of Khosrov Purveez] was not swifter or stronger! The truth is, that my establishment was perfect; but where are they now?" "Ay, where are they indeed?" responded his elder brother with a sigh. "*Soocht!* burnt, gone! Do you know, Saheb Fraser, that I have been thinking of what I shall do when I arrive at Baghdad; which

may it please the Almighty to grant!" interjected he, casting up his eyes: "I think I shall cut off my locks (*zulfah*), and put on the dress of the country, with an *ammaum* (or Moolah's turban), and turn *goshehnisheen*," (that is, a sitter in a corner, a person retired from the world.) "I have several good reasons in my head for this, but I want to hear your opinion on the subject. In the first place, when you are going to take up your abode with any people, is it not well to adopt their costume, so that you may not be stared at? — you would not choose to be always an object to be pointed at by them? Then, secondly, when Mahomed Shah (God preserve his life!) shall hear that I have assumed the *ammaum* and cut my locks, will he not be more satisfied than ever of my pacific intentions? certainly *I* think he will, but what do *you* say?"

I replied that I did not doubt he would be satisfied, but that I hoped for better things than his becoming a *goshehnisheen;* I hoped to hear yet of his serving his king, and benefitting his country, by his ability and experience, and becoming one of the pillars of the state.

'Ah, no," replied he, "that there is no chance of: Mahomed Shah may pardon us, he may even be disposed to give us service; but that he will ever grant to us that *Izzut*,—that consideration and honour, which we should require and would be our due,—is not to be imagined; it is impossible." I expressed to him my hopes that the Shah would grant all that could reasonably be required by them, and that a better time might with confidence be anticipated. "No," repeated he, emphatically,—"no, Saheb Fraser; I have turned the subject over and over again in my mind, and I am convinced that it is impossible Mahomed Shah should ever repose in us his sincere confidence, or give us an employment suited to our rank and station. Indeed, I cannot believe that he will even restore our property: in fact, how can he? As for our movables, I never hoped for that: where are they? gone—burnt!" "Yes," said I, "of movables there is little hope; such property, even if it should have reached certain quarters, could not be identified or proved to have been yours. There were the Eelkhanee,—there were the soldiers,—the mob; any one

might have taken it in the confusion, at Sheerauz. There would be no want of excuses to avoid restitution." "Ay, but the Firmaun Firmaee's horses and mules, and his twelve thousand brood-mares, all marked with his cypher," said the Wali, "these would be known, and might be identified; such things do not get stolen by the mob. We have a Persian proverb which says, that the king's goods are never lost." "Ay, Wali," replied I, "and for that very reason they would never be considered as belonging to you; they would be held as belonging to the government of Fars, and not to the Firmaun Firmaee, and so be transferred by the Shah to the succeeding governor." "Well, then, the jewels which the Moatimud took by force from the prince's sister,—two hundred thousand tomauns!" said the Wali. "Ah, let that pass," said the prince, with a bitter smile; "how are these to be recovered,—will the Moatimud make restitution? —But there is at all events," continued he, "our land,—villages purchased with our own money; were he even to restore us that;—but it is not likely, I do not expect it;—*ai*,

wahi! ai wahi!" "But I am not so desponding, prince," replied I; "I have better hopes for you, though it may take time to realize them. I would not be in any hurry about cutting off your locks," added I, smiling. "Ah, if the king gives us honourable employment," said the Wali, returning my smile, "the locks will soon grow again. Well, well, *Dadaish!*" continued he, with a sigh, "these things will pass like the rest: we have friends in England, at all events; I do not think they will let us just die of hunger." Such conversations and painful allusions occurred far oftener than I have thought it necessary to mention, and showed the source of that melancholy and anxious gloom which often saddened the poor prince's brow. His losses and misfortunes were yet too green to be touched upon without suffering, and there was even a morbid tone of mind which prevented the healing process from advancing. Poor men! the "fatal remembrance was still there;" and even the "beams of the warm sun" of kindness might play round it for awhile in vain. I hope, and so will all their friends, I am sure, that a more healthy tone of

feeling may yet supervene; and that a restoration to their families, and the amnesty which may be confidently expected from their cousin-king through British intercession, may prove to them that life is not altogether a blank for them, and that, though they cannot be little kings again, they may yet resume an honourable and useful station in the land of their birth.

LETTER III.

Sept. 17.—Although the new axle was ready yesterday at two o'clock, yet finding, from all the information I could gather, that accommodation for our party was not likely to be found short of Nuremberg, we resolved rather to pass the night where we were, and take the whole of the morrow with us to reach that town. Our information respecting the places on the way proved false; for the very next post, Kitzingen, affords several good hotels: yet I was not sorry that we had acted as we did, for otherwise we should have been thrown out of the line of regular day's journeys, and put to much inconvenience.

The country being hilly, the princes walked a great deal, which I encouraged from considerations of health. Timour ran bound-

ing over hill and dale like a young deer, followed, "*haud passibus æquis*," by the Wali, whose awkward gambols and curvetings resembled more the absurdities of a frisky cow. In one of these *escapades*, we saw Timour dash on before, and, turning into a field near the road, squat down upon the damp turf. "What on earth can he be doing there?" said one of the ladies. He was saying his prayers.

They were smitten with great joy this day at the sight of a large quantity of mushrooms, and instantly stopped the coach to gather them. When they came to the hotel, they begged me to desire that they should be dressed in *their fashion*, with onions and I don't know all what. I told them that though the cooks in Nuremberg could no doubt dress mushrooms, they being a common article of diet, yet it was ten to one if they could do it Persian fashion; so that, if they insisted on that condition, they had best send their Persian servant to superintend the process. They took this advice, and Timour added his assistance. I heard that they made a fine mess of it; but it did not appear at supper, so that I

presume it was kept to add to the next day's provision, and to the delicate odours of their carriage.

The interior economy of this "good leetel house," as Timour Meerza was wont to call the carriage, did not indeed improve according to our notions of neatness and comfort. There was no end to the trash of which it was made the receptacle; green apples, sour plums, berries of the mountain ash, barberries, onions, all sorts of things, are there stowed away; and they seem all the happier for the presence of this hodge-podge. "Ah lady, if you see we in carriage, how we eat, how we tear fowls, how we enjoy our breakfast!" said the prince this day to Mrs. F., with his face all the time beaming with delight. Not so our servant, who has the cleaning of the "leetel house:" "Ah madame!" said he with a shrug of infinite disgust, "if you saw the *intérieur* of their carriage! *elle est tout-à-fait abîmée.*" And the disorder which this terrible *mélange* creates in the "intérieur" of their unhappy stomachs is a matter of equal or greater uneasiness to me. It has begun to tell much

upon the appearance of Timour Meerza, whose colour and emaciation clearly denote his biliousness. I told him to-day he was as yellow as a kite's foot; "Tchah!" said he, "it is my natural colour." "That I deny," replied I; "you were a very different-looking creature in London, or you would never have been so much noticed by the ladies." "Aha!" said he, turning to Mrs. F. with a loud laugh, "me very pretty, eh! lady? you say Timour very pretty?" "No," said Mrs. F. "Timour very pretty in London,—Timour no pretty here; eat too much lemon, apple, trash." "Tcha! Tcha! *limoon* make Timour no pretty? no, no;" and he ended by a hearty laugh. Certainly, however, it does not depress his spirits: yesterday they were all careering about in the bright sunshine,—the face of the prince beaming with delight, the Wali grunting out his joy, and Timour carolling away like a bird, as he sprang over every obstacle, and flew up to the top of every height. "Timour Meerza," said Mrs. F. "is the Bulbul of Irân;" on which he instantly began imitating the song of the nightingale with most perfect and delightful exact-

ness. "I never," said Mrs. F. "heard it sweeter during all the time I have lived in England."

We had some trouble in getting housed at Nuremberg, all the best apartments of the best hotel being already in possession of a Russian prince. We even contrived to lose the second-best rooms, through our own fastidiousness and the superior alertness of a party which arrived at the moment while we were hesitating about their suitableness, and who settled the question for us by taking immediate possession themselves: it is dangerous, on such occasions, to be too nice; we made out a good supper, however, and good beds for the princes.

Sept. 19.—I regretted seeing so little of Nuremberg, which is a fine old city, worth a day's stay; and large, as I believe, for it is said to contain forty thousand inhabitants: but our object was to get on while we could, and so we made an early start. But we were delayed everywhere by want of horses,—the Russian prince was again our evil genius; every one knows what it is to travel in the wake of a great man, not being of his party: so we

were forced to halt in the evening in rather miserable quarters at Schoënbach, resolved to start in good time next morning, in order to make up for our bad progress of this day.

Sept. 20.—After all, we did not get our horses till five; and there had been some discomforts and misunderstandings, that brought us all in ill-humour to Ratisbon. Here, though a considerable town, we could get no horses for two hours; and we were not much comforted by the bad attendance and miserable breakfast which was set before us while they were coming. We looked at the cathedral, however; and Timour Meerza ventured here to take a stroll through the town, which presents little, so far as we saw, worthy of notice. But the drive down the banks of the Danube, for a few miles before you reach Ratisbon, is certainly pretty.

At the poor little village of Pfaffer, where we changed horses, we were again detained for near three hours; so that when we reached the next stage, Straubing,—a nice little town, and promising comfortable accommodation,—finding ourselves thus everywhere anticipated in

cattle by our Russian friend, I thought it better to stop, and let our precursors get on well a-head, than to go forward and reach the next post, Plattling, a small place, late; and at the risk of not finding the means of being put up. We were not deceived in Straubing, for we got good beds, an excellent supper, and, what was far more rare, at moderate charges.

This day, while we were detained at Pfaffer, the Wali, *à propos* of some fearful sea pieces that hung on the wall of our room, took occasion to hold forth upon his horror for the sea and ships, and to declare that he, for his part, would never put foot upon salt water again. I was aware of what he was about. You must know that, in the route which had been fixed upon as the most convenient in order to reach Constantinople, the newly opened navigation of the Danube had been duly taken into consideration as a means of progress, and, indeed, the only practicable one from Bucharest to the Turkish capital. A sailing vessel was out of question, from its uncertainty, danger, and their abhorrence of the sea; while a journey

by land was not to be thought of, unless in case of absolute extremity, from the utter want of accommodations, and of horses on the way, for such a party; although the only mode of travelling in that country is on horseback. But the short passage of forty to sixty hours from the station of Galatz, upon the Danube, was not considered as imposing upon them any grave inconvenience, notwithstanding their dislike of the sea; nor, when the arrangement was at first proposed, had any objection been made to it by them. The Wali, indeed, always spoke of any exposure to the dangers of salt water and of ships with a shudder; but it was not until after his sufferings on the passage from Dover to Calais, that he had ventured to assume a tone of direct opposition: since then he had on more than one occasion talked *at* me, as if to prepare me for resistance to the plan of again embarking in a vessel in any part of the journey; and I was aware that such was his intention now: it was done, too, in so pointed a manner that I could not, with propriety, pass it unnoticed. I began, therefore, by observing to the Wali how strange it was

to hear a man of sense like him make such a fuss about a trifle, and so constantly and perseveringly declare his resolution against a measure which he knew must be taken; to act thus was the part of a child, not of a sensible man. The Wali, a little taken by surprise at this direct attack in reply to his side-wind approaches, hesitated for a moment; and then, firing up a little, with one of his usual grunts demanded, "How?—when?—why must it be? what had they now to do with the sea? They had crossed it from England to France, and no more sea intervened between Calais and Stamboul. He could look at a map as well as Saheb Fraser." I told him that such might be the case,— I did not dispute his geographical knowledge in this respect; but that he was not, and could not, be aware of all the circumstances that rendered the arrangement already agreed upon advisable, and even imperatively necessary. That he might be sure that his kind friends in England, when they had consulted the wishes of the princes so much as to acquiesce in their preference of a land journey to one by sea, had considered

as much as possible the comfort and convenience of the party in the route proposed for them to adopt, and had made the best possible arrangements to facilitate their progress. That arrangement I held myself bound to abide by, unless future circumstances should render it clearly inexpedient in any of its parts; and, therefore, abide by it I would. The Wali grumbled sorely at this communication; and the elder prince, taking up the subject, remonstrated with his brother, declaring that he felt not only bound, but disposed, to follow my advice in all things. But the Wali, though subdued in tone, continued displeased and discontented, and still growled out in an under key his resolution to proceed by land, and to have nothing to do with the *Kara Dengiz*, as the Black Sea is called by them.

I dropped the subject, resolved to let what had been said work, and trust to circumstances for reconciling discordant opinions: but the elder prince, remarking that I had spoken earnestly, and appeared vexed by the Wali's obstinacy, requested him to annoy me so no more; for that, when Saheb Fraser was *beedimaugh*

(out of spirits), he was so too. He then, as if by way of pastime, declared that he would show us all the way to make apple sherbet, or *àb-e-sceb;* and taking the fruit, of which there was a plateful on the table, began to peel and prepare them.

While he was doing this, he commenced a string of stories, all by way of diverting our minds from the sore subject. He told us of a sad accident that had befallen himself, and a narrow escape with his life, when showing off one day outside the walls of Sheerauz, in the presence of his father and an English "Elehee." "I was figuring away," said he, "shaking my jereed, and threatening now this one and now that, when my horse, a noble Arabian but rather headstrong, ran fairly away with me: there was no stopping him, and he was hurrying right on at full speed for the deep ditch of the town wall, where I must have been dashed to pieces, or have trusted to the desperate expedient of throwing myself off; when, all at once, my path was crossed by Khanler Khan on horseback, who did not hear my shouting though I shouted with all my might, and

therefore did not get out of my way. My horse took that of the Khan right in flank; both horses were killed on the spot,—shattered almost to pieces: the Khan, sent like a shot out of a gun, fell with his head against some people who were near, who were more hurt than he; but I was flung many yards a-head, and, falling on my side, had my hip dislocated, several ribs broken, and otherwise was so much bruised and maimed that I did not rise from my bed for five whole months."

Timour Meerza also did his part to restore the good-humour of the company. There were some flowers on the table with the fruit, and these led to some remarks about Persian gardening; among other things, he mentioned it as a custom in Persia to graft a rose upon the top of a *seffidar* or white poplar. The rose ascends with the rapid growth of the parent plant, and gives down long clusters of flowers from its artificial height. I do not know whether this is a fact, as I never saw it myself; but the prince declared it to be a common operation. He also mentioned another curious fact regarding the seffidar: "It bears,"

said he, "a fruit which is full of mosquitoes, so that, when it is ripe and people break it, a thousand mosquitoes rush forth and fly about; if broken green, you find the worms that afterwards become mosquitoes. This," said he, "is so well known a truth, that no one likes to have seffidars near his house, from their being so productive of mosquitoes." The fact is, that this supposed fruit is but a disease of the tree, as the gall-nut is of the oak; and in it, probably, are deposited mosquito eggs, which are hatched and come to life in process of time: these trees love the water, and are generally planted in moist ground, so that their sympathy with mosquitoes appears not unnatural.

Having had the precaution to send on to secure horses at Plattling the night before, we rose early; and, after bowling famously along the level road to that place, found all ready to carry us on to Vlisshofen, a pretty little town. Here, however, we were detained for an hour, so that it was noon before we took our way up the beautiful valley of Ortenburg, on our way to Furstenzell. This was a

most delicious drive,—everything was green, and rich, and peaceful; happiness and tranquillity breathing from every nook, and corner, and pretty farm. The people were, like the soil, well-clad and comfortable; exhibiting a marked difference from those of Upper Bavaria, where in many places the lower orders seemed ragged and poor enough. I had intended to go from Vlisshofen by the other road to the beautiful town of Passau, but by a mistake the horses had been ordered upon this line; in fact, I do not know that in point of beauty of country we should have gained at all by going the other.

The following extract will show you how it struck my fellow-travellers. "We came down upon the Danube again, about four miles from Vlisshofen, when the scenery again became interesting. The rocky heights above the river were richly wooded. On a fine promontory opposite, were seen the ruins of a very extensive castle, now quite deserted; a wooden bridge across the Danube looked so tempting that I wished we had had time to scamper over it, and climb the rising ground on which these

ruins stood: but we whirled on to Vlisshofen, where we took coffee, and had to wait half an hour for horses.

"From thence, our drive for the next fifteen miles was one of the most enchanting beauty,—to my taste, at least. It was through a valley whose high banks were covered with varied wood, while a clear stream ran through meadows of the richest verdure, all dotted with trees and cottages. These cottages were quite in the Swiss style, built all of wood, the roofing kept in its place by large stones. Balconies with carved wood railings ran along the second story, where flowers, bee-hives, and bird-cages, all told of life and happiness. Every house was a perfect picture of comfort and beauty, and in the interior not less so than without. We went into one of these cottages, and found three young girls sitting at a table, one knitting, and the two younger working their samplers as nicely as our own dear little ——; and all were so tidy, and clean, and happy-looking, that it did one's heart good to see them; while, in the meadow just by, were others turning the second crop of

clover, and children rolling about among the sheep and cattle. We could not bear to keep in the carriage, and were thankful for any hill that gave us an apology to get out: as for Timour, he was soon scampering over the meadows, shouting for joy, jumping over the ricks of clover, and dipping his hand into every sparkling rill that ran by. 'Now this is just the scene and style of country to delight the Persians,' said Mr. F.: 'in a place such as this would they pitch their tents, with their families and flocks and herds, and enjoy themselves till they had eaten up all the forage around them, and then they would move to another such spot; and so live all the summer.' For the present, however, our princes were forced to content themselves with eating up all the mushrooms in their way, and gathering great branches of barberries to make their sherbet.

"It would seem as if the flourishing peasantry were the lords of this happy valley and its riches; for, during our whole drive of fifteen miles through this lovely park-like scenery, we did not see one gentleman's house. The cot-

tages, of larger or smaller dimensions, seemed to denote the dwelling of the farmer or the mere peasant: but all resembled each other in their appearance of comfort and plenty, there was not one we might not have been content to live in; and the spires of many churches sparkled on the heights. They may speak of the despotic governments of Bavaria and Austria; but I am sure, if we were to judge by what we saw to-day, and the condition of the peasantry, I should say it must be a most parental government in the hands of a kind father. The very looks of the people partook of the beauty around them; the girls were quite handsome, and the women as different a race from the squalid ill-favoured creatures we had seen at Ratisbon and in Upper Bavaria as can be imagined.—But I must leave the sweet valley of Ortenburg," &c.

From Furstenzell we crossed a range of prettily varied hills, and descended into the fine valley of the Een, upon the frontier town of Shaerding, in excellent time to get the business of the Austrian custom-house over. The day had lost its beauties and become

gloomy, and the Een and its banks did not look so lovely under the leaden canopy as I have seen them do; but still it was a beautiful scene: we crossed the wooden bridge, however, and soon the black eagle of Austria, at the further end, overshadowed us with its outspread wings.

I have never found much trouble at the custom-house here; and at this time all the officials, as we came along, appeared to vie with each other in civility towards the princes; so we were not long detained. While waiting there, however, there arrived two carriages, which, with their inmates, the princes instantly recognised as English, and I had the pleasure of discovering some old acquaintances. We soon pushed on along the pretty stage to Sieghárding, where there being no horses, we came to a halt for the night.

Sept. 22.—We were up betimes, and pushed on to Baierbach. The poor princes had been sadly put to it, for these last two stages, in the way of food to masticate on the road: yesterday the fowls were so tough that even their young teeth could make nothing of them; so

they asked for something else,—eggs, cheese, butter, whatever could be got for their breakfast. This morning, on asking the servant if all was right in this particular, he begged me, just for curiosity, to look into their coach and see what had been laid in. I did so; and—merciful powers!—such a pile of viands! such a heterogeneous mess of food! one wondered what they could make of it, and yet they called for more bread at the very next stage! I think I have told you that they had declined taking breakfast on setting out, and preferred taking a store of provisions with them, to eat when they should feel disposed: to the last part of the arrangement they very zealously adhered; but they had by this time found that a drink of hot milk and sugar was no bad thing in the morning, and so this was now provided for them: the quantity of sugar they consumed actually made these Germans stare!

In the coach they all sat Persian fashion, with their legs tucked under them, or lolling and accommodating one another by turns; the bottom was thus free, and there they deposited the viands,—raw onions, apples, lemons, and

other adjuncts to their food. Timour Meerza had also purchased a pointer-dog, which he carried either tied on the fore-boot, or oftener in the carriage with themselves: the dog did not always agree with an inside berth; so, what with its indisposition, and what with the offal of their own meals, the coach was generally in a pretty mess when they came to the end of each day's journey: I did not wonder at the occasional grumblings of the servant.

Our ride this day was splendid: the situations of Baierbach and Effharding are exquisite; and the road from the last to Lintz, along the banks of the Danube, a succession of enchanting scenery. The castle of Count Schomberg (or Stronberg) rising boldly above the noble river and protecting its own little town, and the fine Capuchin convent near it on the right bank, were most interesting objects. Lintz itself is extremely pretty, and I am sure that a residence of some weeks at this very part of the river would afford to a lover of the picturesque a rich harvest.

Why has the Danube never been illustrated, like the Rhine, and the Seine, and others of

the celebrated streams of Europe? I am much mistaken if it would not beat them all. Set the genius of Turner to work upon it, and I am confident he will produce a work more exquisite, as far as subject goes, than any he has yet put forth. Its course is a very long one; and it winds its way through, or is connected with, far more noble mountain chains than any of its sister streams, if we exclude the Alps. Then, what towns, and castles, and monasteries, and convents on its banks! and what historic and classic associations are linked with "the dark rolling Danube," and Buda, and Belgrade, and Widdin, and Ismael, and Austrians and Turks, and Pandours, and Croats, with all the wild imagery of its semi-barbarous regions and people – not to go still further back into the dim ages of antiquity! But it is a mine which will not lie long unexplored: steam and rail-roads are already at work; and the day is not far distant when an excursion to Vienna and Constantinople by the Danube will be as easy and as common as a trip to the Rhine is now;—but then there is that vile plague and viler quarantine! I cross-

ed one rail-road near Nuremberg, and another, I think, at Lintz, both already in operation for local purposes.

After passing Lintz, the country becomes comparatively tame and flat; but two or three small ranges of heights, which we passed between that place and Sternbergh, produced some exquisite scenery: the practice of shaving all the foggage near the road with a scythe for fodder, gives a neat and *soigné* look to all the little fields and orchards, that makes them appear like pleasure-grounds. All the ground among the woods and in the orchards is covered with delicious verdure, improved in fineness by this process; so that there is no rankness: and every corner,—meadows, banks of streams, and all, being under the same management,—wears a uniform look of care which is highly prepossessing. But the abominable, bad engineering of the road, which pops down into every hollow, just, as one would think, that it may have to rise from them again up the face of a steep hill, is very provoking to the traveller; and the more so because both Austrian and Bavarian postilions make it a point of conscience never

to let a horse move at any pace beyond the slowest walk up the slightest ascent: a practice which, when the said traveller happens to be desirous to get on, is a serious source of annoyance.

On the 23rd, at six o'clock, we were in the carriages, and drove to Moelk, a small town, where there is a convent of Benedictines that for size and magnificence is nowhere perhaps to be exceeded. The ride itself was charming, and the noble snowy peaks of the Styrian mountains formed a splendid back-ground to a rich and various landscape.

As to this same convent of Moelk,—how am I to describe its grandeur and beauty both within and without, its long arcaded cloisters, its noble church, its elegant and well-furnished library, its noble terrace, looking up the vale of the Danube, and overhanging its winding stream, its grand imposing front, and its long flank, with rows of countless windows, relieved by light and elegant architecture, and all seated on its imposing rock, rising proudly above the noble river! Who can sufficiently praise this splendid monument of monastic taste and

pride? But how are the mighty fallen! What a change has come over this great establishment! Instead of the hundreds—I had well nigh said thousands—of monks which it must have been calculated to contain, it cannot now boast, I believe, of more than twenty or thirty residents; yet the place is kept in perfect repair, and has lost nothing of its imposing appearance. The sight of Wurtzburg and Moelk alone, to one who prizes such things, would of themselves repay a journey to Vienna.

The day being far spent when we reached Perchling, we preferred remaining there for the night, to pushing onwards and arriving at Vienna in the dark, and too late, perhaps, to procure good accommodations. The master of the inn at that place, indeed, took care to inform us that he was not unaccustomed to entertain princes; for that many of the royal family preferred remaining quietly in his capital apartments, to encountering the noise and hubbub of the capital at a late hour. It appeared, therefore, that we had good precedent for the course we adopted; and, in point

of fact, we found our accommodations very comfortable.

There had been, both last night and this, a mighty work among the princes in brewing barberry sherbet; the berries for which, as usual, they gathered by the road-side themselves. I could not help laughing when I saw them thus employed, but the Wali rebuked me for it. "You don't know the value of this beverage as a medicine," said he: "you asked me why I would take no supper last night: it was because I took *two* of these (quart) *bottles full* of this same sherbet; and it has done me the greatest good,—I am quite comfortable to-day. This night Timour Meerza is going to take the same quantity. Ah! it is far better than the medicine of your Feringee doctors." While Timour Meerza was thus employed, he happened to espy a pumpkin in the kitchen: he eagerly asked if any such things were to be had, and, three huge ones being brought, he flew upon them tooth and nail; sat down upon the floor with one between his knees, whipped out his knife, and began to cut and carve it, scattering the seeds in all direc-

tions; intending, as I understood, to prepare it for being fried or dressed in some fashion of their own for supper: no doubt, the others went to augment the savoury store that was accumulated in the coach.

On the 24th, at eleven o'clock, we entered Vienna. The approach from the side of Benkersdorf has little to boast of, for you do not see the town until just entering the suburbs; but from these suburbs the approach to the gate by which the city is entered is good and handsome, and the style of neatness in which the ramparts are kept is calculated to make a favourable impression on strangers. We drove first to the Archduke Charles Hotel, but found no admittance there; every room was full. At the Hôtel de Londres we were more fortunate, and engaged excellent apartments on fair and reasonable terms.

LETTER IV.

BEHOLD us then at Vienna, which might be considered as the first grand stage on our long journey; and certainly the easiest one: and, after reporting the princes' arrival at the British embassy, my first care was to make myself acquainted with the facilities or obstacles to our further progress, in order to take the earliest measures for shaping our course hereafter as should appear expedient.

In the first place, I informed myself about the movements of the steamer. The passage from Presburgh, the whole way to the "Iron Gate," below Orsova, I learned was precarious, from the state of the river and shifting banks, which caused the steamer frequently to ground, and rendered the period of her arrival at Galatz uncertain. This would not answer our purpose; which was to reach that point at

furthest by the 17th of October, which was the day on which the Black Sea steamer was to sail from thence to Constantinople: after mature deliberation, therefore, I resolved on proceeding at once by land to Bucharest by the shortest route. It also appeared that the plague had broken out at Constantinople, and had spread to Adrianople, and along the lines of road to Rustchook and Silistria, so that, however great the difficulty of a land trip through Turkey might have been before, it would now be tenfold increased by the desertion of the villages; besides which was to be considered the imminent danger of catching the infection. My resolution therefore was strengthened, if possible, to refuse consent on any condition to attempting the journey from Bucharest to Constantinople by land.

It was not long before my constancy had to undergo a trial, for I found that Vienna was the point at which the battle was to be fought. The day after our arrival, the Wali and Timour Meerza told me in rather a formal manner that they wished to speak with me; and taking me into their room, and fastening the door,

they began: the preparation portended something serious, and accordingly it was so to be. "Saheb Fraser," began the Wali, "you are a *Murd-e-Hissâbi* — a man of correctness and judgment, and we have a great opinion of your abilities and sense; *we* also have some observations to make, which have been well weighed, and are discreet. You know how we all hate the sea, that it kills us: by your own soul, it kills us! we entertain this hope from you that you will give up the point of going to Constantinople by sea. We hope that you will contrive some means by which that evil may be avoided."—"*Ai*, Saheb Fraser," said Timour, putting on a most sweet face of entreaty with his head on one side, and chiming in,—"*Ai*, Saheb Fraser, now do consent to this. *Wullah Billah!* by your own life, by the death of my brother! we should die if we were to see that *Kara Dengiz;* let us go by land." I told them that it was great pain to me to give them the slightest uneasiness; that they might be sure not only that I desired to do all things in my power for their comfort, but felt also extremely distressed by such altercations as

the present, and would fain avoid them by acquiescence; but that to escape the small portion of sea which intervened between the mouth of the Danube and the Bosphorus was impossible; that for a thousand reasons I must follow the route prescribed to me, and not deviate from it; they knew not, in fact, what they asked.

"But why, Saheb Fraser? We are sure that the English government would not wish to force us to travel by a route that is so very disagreeable to us, and why should you?"

I told them they were right in their appreciation of the feelings of the English government towards them; since, in consequence of the representations of their friends,—my own amongst the number,—that government had abandoned the far more convenient voyage by sea, and, in consideration to their wishes, adopted the more troublesome and expensive route by land. That this very acquiescence should be a sufficient pledge of their good-will; but that, in laying down a land route, they expected it should be adhered to; and that assuredly it was a very bad return for the kindness they had received, to treat its agent with suspicion,

and endeavour to thwart and hinder him in the performance of his duty. I then went deliberately over the several obvious motives that existed for avoiding the land journey through Turkey by any of the routes leading from the Danube :—the plague ; the depopulation of villages, and consequent annihilation of the means of progress, at all times exceedingly limited, and difficult of attainment ; the exposure to weather in the precarious state of their health, and long desuetude to hardship and fatigue, and the total want of medical attendance during a space of probably a month, which might be calculated on as the smallest period of time which would be required for such a party to perform such a journey. All this I once more put forth at large ; adding, that they might place trust in what I said, as, having travelled a little in Turkey myself, I knew something about the matter, which they did not, and could not do. They listened to all this, but without being convinced, or induced to abandon their opposition ; and the conference, which lasted near

an hour, broke up without any satisfactory result.

A little afterwards, while I was sitting with the elder prince, the Wali and Timour Meerza came in, and commenced a conversation on the same subject apart, but intended for our hearing. The former declared that he had again been consulting the map, and had spoken to a person who knew the country, and who declared that there was, in fact, an excellent short and easy road from some point near the mouth of the Danube (Dunaw) to Constantinople. The latter replied, if such was the case, it should be by that road he would go, and by no other. The prince was soon involved in the discourse, and the subject once more became general. The Wali and his younger ally repeated all their expressions of disgust at the sea-trip, for arguments they were not; and declared that, whatever the privations by the land route might be, they were ready to suffer them all rather than to encounter the Black Sea, if it were but for three hours instead of thirty or forty. That the *Kara Den-*

giz was known to be the proper dwelling of the *Maleḳ-ul-Môut*, the angel of death; that it was proverbial for shipwrecks,—its very name was ominous; and that voluntarily to encounter it, was a wicked tempting of danger. I repeated all the statements I had already made; and seeing that the recusants laid more stress on the discretionary power I was supposed to possess, of changing their route, than was convenient under all circumstances, I thought it expedient on my part to lay still more stress upon the instructions I had received, and repeated that it was a poor return for all the trouble and exertions I had made use of in their service, and for their comfort, to attempt to embarrass and dishonour me by inducing me to swerve from these orders. The prince, on this occasion, took my side of the question, going over all my arguments in better language than I could use; while I, having said my say, sat by, not endeavouring to conceal my displeasure. But all was to no purpose, the Wali and Timour Meerza continued obstinate; and the matter terminated in a positive declaration on their part that go

they would by land, whether I liked it or not; they thanked God they were not bound by what I might say or do. I might assist them if I thought fit; if so, it would be well; if not, they would do without it, and go on foot if necessary, and beg their way; but by sea, by the *Kara Dengiz*, go they would not. Such was the amount and issue of a couple of hours of as unpleasant discussion and dispute as I ever had in my life; and it not only gave me anxious thoughts for the future, but completely interrupted the harmony of the party, which hitherto had been well maintained.

Before this dispute the carriage had been ordered to take the princes out an airing, to see something of the town, and I purposed accompanying them; but their spirits had been too much exhausted by the battle, and the two younger declined going: the Wali, in fact, was not well. The elder prince alone accepted of the offer; but it was rather in order to have a quiet conversation with me alone, than in the hope of deriving enjoyment from his drive. He showed great anxiety to do away the unfavourable impression made upon

me, as he thought, by the headstrong conduct of his brothers: he observed, that they were young and inconsiderate; that their detestation for the sea was extreme; regretted that there was no way of avoiding the short but most unwelcome voyage; and inquired of me whether, if the facilities had been equal, I thought that the deviation proposed would be disagreeable to the English government. To this I replied that, as to the conduct of his brothers, he might make himself easy. I regarded it as the effect of thoughtlessness and inexperience in persons who had hitherto been little accustomed to the control of circumstances or men; that as to the ideas of government on the subject, I was certain that the true comfort and well-being of their royal highnesses was all which their English friends regarded; but that seeing their inexperience, others, they conceived, must be permitted to judge what was really best to be done; and I mentioned some other motives which, it did not appear necessary to explain to his brothers, for preferring the sea route, and which he agreed were just and cogent.

All this, however, had no influence on the rebels, who, determined to defeat me if possible, resorted to a curious expedient for coercing me into their views: the ambassador of England was absent, and to him therefore they could not apply; but they wrote a letter, which was translated by the interpreter, to Mr. F. the gentleman then in charge of the embassy, in which they complained of my obstinate determination to take them by sea to Constantinople, in spite of their declared aversion to this mode, and although, as they were informed, there was a road, and a good one, by land. They desired, therefore, to know if it really was by the orders of the English government that I persisted in this to them most disagreeable resolution; and, if not, they begged he would take measures for enforcing my acquiescence to the plan of their going by land.

Mr. F. immediately acquainted me with the contents of this epistle, which gave him considerable embarrassment, as of course it was an affair in which he could not interfere; although, no doubt, he would have felt great

pleasure in using all his efforts to mediate and bring the princes to reason. They had requested an interview, which he had agreed to; and I replied that the best mode of acting appeared to me that he should show them the impossibility of interfering, unprovided as he was with instructions, with the service which had specifically been intrusted to another. It was important, I observed, they should feel that the matter rested solely with me, and that I solely was responsible to my own government for my conduct; otherwise the door would be opened to eternal disputes and resistance.

During this interview I dropped in, and found the two recusants pressing Mr. F. hard respecting the roads and state of the country. The elder prince was well pleased at my arrival, and called on me to listen to what should pass: I replied, that to please him I should remain, but that as to listening to what was passing, being fully informed upon the subject, more so than those could be who were discussing it, there was no chance of my views undergoing any change

from what I might hear. Another very violent discussion then ensued, in which the mistake under which the princes lay regarding the facility of travelling in Turkey, was powerfully urged by Mr. F. and the complainants strongly recommended to follow implicitly the course prescribed for them. But all was waste of words: the poor prince declared he had never been so perplexed and distressed by anything as by the unreasonable obstinacy of his two brothers; and I assured him that, had I anticipated such conduct, I never would have consented to accompany them. As for him, that I must say it to his honour, I had on all occasions found him to be a man of sense, reasonable and judicious.

The interview terminated in the most unsatisfactory manner by a strong expression of indignant displeasure on the part of Timour Meerza, and a declaration, both on his part and that of the Wali, that they would not abandon their resolution of proceeding by land.

It now became necessary for me to decide upon some course of conduct suited to the

new state of things, which this contumacy on the part of the two younger princes had produced. Could I but get them to Bucharest, I had little fear that the more perfect information which would there be obtained would convince them of the impossibility of proceeding by the land route, and that the chapter of accidents would all work in my favour; but I found they had been puzzling themselves, and a parcel of Turks whom they had found at a coffee-house here, with cross-questionings about the various routes through Turkey, and that they might take it into their heads not even to consent to go to Bucharest. To leave them to their fate was, of course, out of the question; yet to reduce them even to temporary obedience, was a matter which, seeing their obstinate resolution, it did not seem very easy to achieve. I therefore, after much deliberation, went once more to the elder prince, map in hand; and after again expressing my regret for the headstrong conduct of his brothers, which I was sure would sooner or later bring them into some disagreeable scrape, told him that, whatever folly it was their intention to com-

mit, this was not the place for them to attempt it. By themselves, they could not get on one step; without money or passports, they would soon find it impossible to move. But setting this aside, were it even determined that they should go to Constantinople through Turkey, the nearest point to start from was Bucharest, whither I was taking them; and this I pointed out to him upon the map of Turkey, measuring the distances of the various routes with a pair of compasses. I added, that having given them my full opinion, and stated the causes of it, I should say no more: I had no power over their own persons; if, after arriving at Bucharest, and making such inquiries as there seemed good to them, they should still persist in their insane determination,—*bismillah!* they were then their own masters; I should not make further opposition, but report their conduct to my own government, who would, no doubt, judge of the sincerity of their professions of gratitude and devotion by their conduct upon this occasion.

The prince seemed a good deal struck, and not a little relieved, by this new view of the

case; and communicated it to the two rebels, who were still in the sulks, and nothing further passed: but even up to the hour of our departure from Vienna, I did not feel secure from further impediment on their parts.

These squabbles embittered our stay at Vienna, and rendered what might have been a pleasant and amusing period of repose, a time of anxiety and vexation. The princes consequently saw little of the place, or the objects of interest it possesses: they went twice to the theatre, were much amused by a man who acted to the life the part of an ape, but not much gratified by the fine opera of Norna; and, from their own ill-humour, missed going to the splendid spectacle of the "Spaniards in Peru," which was just the thing to delight them.

On the last day of our stay they were much interested by the visit of a gentleman who had just arrived from Persia, and who was able to give them news of that country in their own language. This was also rather a fortunate incident for me; for his account of the steamer, the smoothness and calmness of the passage

from the Bosphorus to the Danube, and the utter derision with which he treated the idea of proceeding through a plague-smitten country by land, with the other mode of reaching the capital in our option,—all this, proceeding from the mouth of a disinterested witness, had a visible effect upon the two younger princes, who rather hoped to have found in him an advocate for their side of the question than an opponent.

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LETTER V.

On the morning of the 29th of September we started from Vienna, no further objection to our progress for the present being made by the still sulky Wali and Timour Meerza; but the party was increased by the purchase of another dog by the latter, to the no small discomfiture of our already disgusted servant, and, I believe, of his own brothers. But the elder prince, though he maintains his own dignity towards others, is too kind-hearted and too fond of his younger brother to thwart him even in his unreasonable whims: in fact, the young man, with excellent qualities and fine dispositions, has had the misfortune never to have sufficiently known control; a circumstance which, in the present aspect of his fortunes, is likely to occasion to him many bitter

hours in the course of his remaining earthly career.

Having taken the precaution to secure relays of horses by estafette all the way to Pest, we bowled along famously, and with a delightful day, to Hochstrasse, on the banks of the Danube, where we dined, and where the princes had the first specimen of a decided change of fare, and of the comforts of a land journey in Hungary and the semi-savage countries beyond it. The little dirty room contained two beds and three wooden chairs, with a long deal table, which a sheepskin-coated peasant covered with a canvass cloth; a block of wood with two holes in it served as salt and pepper box; and the eggs, which formed the greater part of our repast, were brought to table lying in the holes of the coarse earthen pan in which they had been roasted. What a contrast to the luxuries of the Hôtel de Londres, and the cookery of yesterday! From thence, taking advantage of good roads, good weather, and fresh spirits, we continued our way all night; and, drinking coffee in the morning at Dorecht, alighted in the yard of the "Yager's

Horn" at Pest, about noon of the 30th. The latter part of our journey ran through a pretty enough country, and we should have enjoyed it more had it not been for the dense clouds of dust which literally filled the air. No signs here of the rain which we had encountered in the west; all was dry and burned up: but the dust was almost as deep and disagreeable as the oceans of mud which I remembered well to have encountered during my last journey on this road.

We saw little of either the ancient town of Buda, (called Ofen by the Germans,) or its more gay and opposite neighbour, Pest; for a fine wind, which carried not only the above-mentioned dust, but the gravel, about in clouds, was adverse to exploration: and we left the place next morning at seven, our earlier departure having been prevented by the necessity of putting to rights the loading of the coach, which had been most unnecessarily increased by some purchases of the princes at Vienna. Poor princes! they are miserable novices in travelling! What would they do alone, when, with every exertion of experience

and zeal, it is difficult to maintain them in tolerable comfort, and to exercise over them that indispensable degree of control which is requisite on a long and arduous journey!

The short glance we had of Pest did not impress us favourably. It is just such a place as one would look to find on the boundary between civilization and the desert; sumptuous in appearance, yet rude enough in truth. There was a roughness about everything which smacked of new and imperfect polish. We wanted a blank book for memorandums, it was with difficulty we found anything of the sort; but at last, in a shop which seemed a sort of general warehouse, they showed us one which they said was English, and might there have cost sixpence; here it was two florins, or four shillings: yet the man had all the English annuals for sale, and cheap continental editions of many English works, novels, &c. of which we purchased one or two. We attempted to procure a padlock; but nothing, except of the rudest and most inconvenient description, was to be had.

The fact is, that Pest *is* on the borders of

civilization, if not upon those of the desert. You plunge at once, almost from its streets, into a long succession of uninteresting steppes, sand-hills, and flats; the former being at this time so heavy in consequence of four months' continued drought, that our miserable cats of horses could scarcely drag our heavy vehicles through the loose soil; and, without any visible hollow, the wheels sunk so deep that the carriages more than once were nearly upset. Not a tree enlivens the prospect, and the few villages are miserable. This state of road, together with the extreme reluctance of the princes to travel by night, induced us to halt at the straggling town of Kizkamet, where we could not get even tolerable accommodations, but, after a very rough supper, lay down in our clothes on beds where there was far more of vermin than of rest, and where the noise of drinking boors, and carters and carriers coming and departing, would have banished sleep had we been better off. Yet even in this rude place there was one touch of refinement which contrasted singularly with the

surrounding grossness: in the very next room to the drinking boors we heard a voice singing to the accompaniment of a guitar; it was the lady of this strange hostelrie, whose performance and appearance shewed that she had not always spent her time in these wilds.

Such a state of things was not likely to make us lazy in the morning. We were in the carriage a little after five, and got on well with peasants' horses to Felegehazeh, a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants, where we breakfasted: but the next three stages, comprising thirty miles, were so deep in sand that it was with the utmost difficulty, and great danger of overturning, that we made them out at all. Indeed our miserable horses stuck more than once, so that we were forced to take those of both carriages to drag out one at a time. Thus it was late in the evening when we reached the miserable village of Szatymaz; where, hearing that the remaining stage to Szeguedin was no better, we resolved to halt rather than incur the risk of an accident, although from appearances there was little hope of comfort.

The moon, however, was soon to rise, and we trusted to reach the considerable town of Szeguedin at an early hour of the morning.

Our quarters, indeed, were wretched; as for me, I took up with the carriage in default of any other place. But our intention of departing early was defeated by the severe illness of one of our party, who was not able to move until near noon of the 3rd; when, in hopes of more comfort and better quarters, we resolved to push on to Szeguedin.

The Journal already quoted gives the following observations on this day's journey, which may amuse you, and give you some notion of the pleasures of travelling in Hungary. "Felegehazeh, where we breakfasted, though it looks like nothing more than a straggling village of white-washed cottages, contains, we were assured, eighteen thousand inhabitants: pity that it cannot boast of a better hotel! We breakfasted in a dirty crib of a billiard-room, which, though it was Sunday morning, was full of people; and which gave pretence for all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the place to come and stare at us. Nothing, in-

deed, could be less like a Sabbath morning; for the billiard-balls were rattling within doors, and without were the market-women selling their geese and fowls, and other produce; and carts were continually arriving with cargoes of men, women, children, and other live and dead stock for sale. But it was a picturesque and characteristic scene, and gave us abundant opportunity for remarking the customs and costume of the country. The latter was seen to great advantage, as everybody were in their holiday clothes; and the sheepskin pelisses of the peasantry, adorned with flowers in coloured silk, and leather, and black lamb-skin fur, the magnificent frogged and braided vestments of the higher orders, and the gray-coloured handkerchiefs and smart embroidered sheepskin jackets of the women, made quite a gallant as well as a novel and striking show. The men themselves were a fine dark Spanish-looking set of fellows, far surpassing the women in point of good looks.

"Our next stage led us through a desert of sand, in a hurricane of wind; and at the post, which was a single house, or rather cottage, in

the waste, there were no horses ready, and we alighted to wait until they were so. Solitary as the place was, we forced our way into one of the cleanest, tidiest little rooms possible, where Timour Meerza, who had entered before us, was making wild music on a queer little harmonica. It appeared, indeed, as if the genius of music had made an abode of this desert cottage; for, besides the harmonica, there were an old harpsichord and guitar, both in very good tune, and several music-books lay about the room. But the genius, him or *her*self, was absent; for, strange to say, we saw not a human creature in the house; and who it might be that played on these instruments, and had spread an air of comfort and neatness over this home in the wilderness, remained and doth remain a mystery.

"After an hour's stay we set off again, without having seen a soul except the sheepskin-coated postilions who drove us here, and with a set of the most miserable cats of horses which had yet been produced; so that we recommenced our journey with no very comfortable feelings, trusting that the sand might

prove less heavy in this than in the last stage: alas! our hopes were vain. Nothing could exceed the depth and heaviness of the sea of sand through which our poor beasts had to wade. But, to compensate for our bad horses, we had a boy for our postilion who spared neither his whip nor lungs in the cause; and I must say that it was due to his exertions that we reached our stage this night. The heavy coach stuck fast every five minutes; and he had as often to leave us, in order to go and assist his weaker brother. Even whip and tongue, however, would sometimes fail; and then, yoking to the coach some of the horses of the chariot, in addition to its own complement, he would mount them himself; and, by a succession of the most unearthly yells that ever issued from the mouth of man, convince the astonished brutes of the necessity of proceeding. When the bad step was passed, back would little Jehu come to enact the same part with the chariot; and so, by crawling and spurring on alternately, we dragged at length our weary way to the post.

"During all this tedious while, our servant

had been keeping up our flagging spirits with an assurance that the post was held by a Hungarian nobleman, at his own private house, where, he dared to say, everything would be found very comfortable; so that we really did expect something above common. Alas for Hungarian nobles, if this be a specimen of their dwellings and mode of life. It was not till after a parley of considerable length that J—— returned to tell us that it was a most queer-looking place, but that his nobility had consented to receive us, and do his best to make us comfortable; so in we all went. The outer salon was a great gaunt place, with a deal floor, inch-thick of mud, on which stood a large coarse table fit for twenty people; and wooden benches close to the wall. There was little else in the way of furniture; but in one corner lay a huge lump of sheepskin, which, we afterwards found out, covered a living man, so sick, however, as not to be able to move; and J—— seemed anxious to get us out of his vicinity: so we passed on to the chamber which we were to occupy. This was a small, close, airless closet, with two beds that were any-

thing but tempting; but better was not to be had: so we had only to put up with it, and to laugh as we might at the humours of this Hungarian palace.

"His lordship, for he was a real nobleman,—one of that numerous class in Hungary whose family property and fortunes have undergone so many subdivisions and changes as to leave scarcely a pittance to the descendants of latter times,—was reduced to eke out the produce of his miserable domain by accepting the situation of postmaster, and accommodating occasional guests. Still he had all his family pride about him, fresh and strong; and all that he did was done by way of favour, and with no small affectation of dignity. His dress, though clean, was so little above that of a peasant, that it was only by the splendid bows he made that we became aware of the honour done to us. No women appeared; our *sacs de nuit* were brought in by shaggy men, among whom was his lordship himself: to one of these I made signs for water and towels, by rubbing my face like a cat washing hers, and then wiping it with my pocket handkerchief.

'It is the nobleman you are making signs to,' said A——, plucking my sleeve; and so it was: there was no offence taken, for his lordship made an obeisance and retired, and, after a few minutes returning, presented the basin and towels with another low bow.

"At supper, which consisted principally of our own materials, he waited on us himself, and broke, for our use, the last piece of white lump sugar in his house with his own noble hands. All this time the speeches made to him by J——, and his replies, communicated both through the interpretation of our servant, were singularly fine and well worth recording, if I had had time and spirits; but what with the heat and dust, and previous fatigue, the hot fœtid air of our room, and the heavy smell of the waterfowl feathers, I became too ill to write: this was increased by his lordship's execrable wine, in spite of all attempts to doctor it up with hot water, sugar, and spice; so that I passed a miserable night."

Fortunately we had been misinformed about the state of the road, there was but little sand; and before two o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves in really comfortable apart-

ments in the best hotel of that strange straggling town. Thus terminated our passage across this abominable sandy steppe, where the roads, totally unmade, can never be good; because, in wet weather, the stripes of black earth are converted into beds of almost impassable mud, whereas, in dry the sand is just as deep and embarrassing. The villages, with few exceptions are miserable; and the accommodations, of course, wretched: and though there is a good deal of straggling cultivation, the country, on the whole, is in a condition that evinces a labouring population unable, from some cause or other, to keep pace with the advance of the nations around them.

The town of Szeguedin seems to consist of a parcel of great squares, surrounded by straggling houses. The shops are poor, having rude pictures of what they sell painted on the insides of the doors and window-shutters; and the wooden gangways along and across the streets testify how abominable a place it must be in wet weather.

These signs are often of a very curious kind: the grocers' shops, in particular, are announced in the names of the various articles sold being

formed by portions of the article itself glued in that form upon the window-boards; thus, the name of rice was made up of grains of rice; currants, ginger, barley, &c. in the same way: one wonders that they are not picked off by the little mischievous boys about the street.

About eleven o'clock, our invalid being better, we again took the road, and bowling along a fine level piece of black mould, affording now excellent footing, crossed the Theiss at Kiskanitza, and came-to, for the night, at the large village of Kolnos about eight o'clock in the evening. We had now got into the land of maize and tobacco, which cultivation gave a peculiar appearance to the country; the vine, too, is to be seen everywhere.

At Kolnos, the good people of the miserable *auberge* appeared most sensible of the honour of entertaining my princely charge. This was not, however, evinced in the *empressement* of attendance, or the exertions made for our accommodation. It was with difficulty we could obtain the requisite number of beds and quantity of bed-clothes; and the amount of our entertainment consisted of three chickens, a

dozen of eggs, and a little milk, with a couple of quarts of the sour *vin du pays*. It was in the expectations they entertained of remuneration for this sumptuous treatment that they sought to do us honour, and, I am sorry to add, met with no grateful return. The master of the house did not show himself; but his wife, or daughter, when asked for her bill, said that when a royal family lodged with them they expected a present, not payment. On being pressed to name what would meet their wishes, she had the modesty to name two hundred and fifty florins, or about 25*l.* sterling. This reminded me of the story of one of our own kings, who happened to be breakfasting at a country inn, and on finding the eggs charged a guinea a-piece, and asking whether they were so scarce in that part of the country, was answered no, — that eggs were not scarce, but *kings* were. Having tried reasoning, which brought the demand down to ninety florins, I made up my mind about the matter; slipped five ducats into the lady's hand, said it was twice as much as she ought to have, and stepping into the carriage ordered it to drive off,

leaving her to chew the cud on the failure of her attempt at imposition.

We drove off, but it was only to the post-house; for we had now to experience a taste of the postmaster's talents for fleecing. We had hitherto paid for only four horses for the second carriage; he now insisted on charging for six; remonstrance was in vain here, we were in his hands, and could not start without his permission; the consequence was, that we had to pay the same all the way to Temiswar; and though I laid my complaint there before the police, and made all possible remonstrance about it, of course there was no redress. These men seem to be amenable to no jurisdiction; they charge just what they like, and, when threatened with complaint, set you at defiance, saying, they care not for the police nor for the emperor himself. Every man of them is a noble, God save the mark! and, from the singularly defective nature of the government, are so independent that they do actually defy it: as our servant said, they think that all beneath the sky, and the sky itself, is theirs, and that nothing is good enough for them; they ap-

pear to be under no law, and, where there is no law, how can we expect justice?

Temiswar, the capital of the Banat,—a name well known to fame in the history of Hungary, and the wars of her kings with the Ottoman,—is a miserable, half-neglected fortress, surrounded by ditches and swamps, now dry; but which in winter must be full of water, and in autumn full of pestilence. Its solitary streets impressed us with melancholy; even the chief square had little stir in it, although on a market-day, as we found to our cost, for we could not get a decent room to sit in, and the princes were forced, very unwillingly, to sit in the public *salle à manger*, until their breakfast could be prepared. After all, it was prepared almost in vain. The Wali would only discuss about ten pounds' weight of grapes; Timour Meerza, two immense dishes of pears, which he called for, and gobbled up much to the amazement of the waiters.

The hotel was a most miserable place,—a square surrounded by buildings like an Eastern caravansary; all the houses of the place, though bearing an imposing appearance, seem to be

constructed on the same plan, and all seem filled with dirt and unsavoury odours.

From Temiswar, the road, which was causewayed, was good, and we made a push to get on to Lugos, which was said to be a large place; but as we only reached Kisetta, one stage short of it, by seven in the evening, we could not venture on further progress for the night. The auberge at Kisetta being very small, some of the party were obliged to accept of beds in the post master's house; where, but for fleas and mosquitoes, we might have been tolerably well off.

On the 6th we breakfasted at Lugos; which we found, in point of accommodations, worse than the quarters we had left. Borzon, the next stage, was also a miserable place; but the postmaster was civil, and his wife, a pretty and refined-looking young creature who appeared very much out of her sphere here, was particularly kind: but we left the place, and put up for the night at Kossova, a sweet but small village, where we were again obliged to separate into two parties, because the auberge would not hold us all.

We had now left Hungary and the Banat, with their tiresome plains, behind us, and had entered the mountains of Transylvania. The former, at least, I never again desire to behold: ugliness and aridity, or mud, mark the country; stupidity, pride, and rapacity characterise the people. Leaving Kossova about six in the morning, for I found it impossible to get the various members of our company into movement sooner, we drove a hilly stage over beautifully wooded mountains to Kosesd; and another, less hilly, to Dobra, a poor miserable place; neither of them, indeed, calculated to make us regret our having remained at Kossova. The country here, though more populous, reminded me of European Turkey; the villages were seen snugly retired in wooded valleys; the houses, built of clay and thatched, differed much from the whitewashed tenements of Hungary. The people, too, appeared still more remote from the usages and habits of civilized life, and the costume of the women was peculiar.

Our way lay up the valley of the Màros, to Deva, a considerable place with a fine castel-

lated conical rock, where we lunched at a most wretched auberge, and lost two hours. This made us so late, that a fifteen mile stage to Szazuros, a considerable place, brought night-fall on; and learning that the next stage afforded even less means of accommodation than this, we resolved to come to an anchor here.

Some gentlemanly-looking officers directed us to a certain auberge with a sign of "the Two Pistols," in the square, as the best in the place; and certainly, if such was the case, bad was the best. The woman, but lately a widow, had no servants; and the apartments were dirty, and straggling apart from each other. Little was to be had to eat, which was so much the more unfortunate, as the princes happened to be uncommonly sharp-set this night, and had scarcely been shown to their chambers before they began to roar out for a pillaw; this not being likely to make its appearance soon, the Wali, Timour Meerza, and the Persian servant, all rushed into the kitchen like a parcel of hungry dogs, confounded the cooks who had already been put in a

bustle, and turned everything topside-turvy, to the great dismay of the poor hostess, who ran about wringing her hands like a distracted person. They obtained rice, however, and made a mess in time, at the expense of being nearly roasted themselves at the huge kitchen fire. Timour Meerza said the place was like the infernal regions, and assuredly the cooks were as little like angels of light as might be.

Determined, barring accidents, to reach Hermanstadt the next day, I made another strong attempt at an early start; but it was half-past six ere we quitted Szazuros, and the sun had set before we entered it. The first three stages to Rees Markt were easy; the remaining three, to Hermanstadt, very hilly: there was little or no wood; the country bare and brown, but cultivated; the tops of the hills coppice-clad. A branch of the Carpathians made their appearance over the rest, as we approached the termination of our day's work; and a great black gap in one of the ranges indicated the pass of the Rothentourn, by which we had originally meditated a descent into Walachia.

LETTER VI.

In Hermanstadt I had been induced to expect a large and populous city, and corresponding accommodations; for my servant, himself a Transylvanian, had given me a flaming account of this "*jolie ville*," which, however, he had not seen for twenty years. His youthful ideas, it appeared, as is often the case, had deceived him; for he only remembered the impression it had made on him when a boy, and before he had seen the capitals of Europe. He was as greatly amazed to find how much it had shrunk in dimensions, as I was disappointed at the accommodation it afforded; for, on going to the *Röemische-Kaiser*, the best hotel in the place, we found it but a dirty gloomy caravanserai, ill furnished, and affording scarcely any comfortable apart-

ments. We established ourselves in them, however, such as they were; and I lost no time in making inquiries respecting the remainder of our route to Bucharest.

That there are two principal roads, I knew; one by the pass of the Rothentourn, and the other by Cronstadt: and at first I had proposed to take the former, it having been recommended to me by a friend in London; but at Vienna, the accounts I received of the badness, and even danger, of that route, had induced me to abandon the idea, and resolve to proceed by Cronstadt. Here, however, a new light was thrown upon the subject; for on calling, regarding some money matters, upon a gentleman of the house of Popp, a banker in Vienna and Hermanstadt, and a most civil and obliging person, he strongly dissuaded me from attempting the Cronstadt route, which was not only worse, he assured me, but longer than the other; whereas, if I took the precaution to send to Kinini, the first stage in Walachia, for horses to meet me at the quarantine station, I might depend on having no serious interruption all the way to Bucharest

He even was kind enough to charge himself with forwarding the intimation to Kinini, and ordering an estafette from thence to Bucharest with a letter to acquaint the English consul, Mr. Colquhoun, of our approach; so that on this subject my mind was set at rest.

This arrangement implied the necessity of remaining the whole of the next day at Hermanstadt; a measure which, I believe, none of the party regretted, and which gave us an opportunity of seeing the town, which in truth is but a poor affair, not equal to a third-rate town in France: it put me a little in mind of St. Omer's. The streets are ill-paved, though broad, with sewers in the middle; and there are several good houses, chiefly in the Austrian fashion, painted, and having double windows. It was Sunday; so that the shops were shut, and there were few persons in the streets. In some parts of the town, which seemed to be those occupied by the higher classes, the streets had the appearance of receiving more attention; and curtained windows, with flowers before them, suggested ideas of tidiness and comfort: but there was no appearance of ad-

vancement or prosperity. The town had originally been fortified, but the walls were now ruinous; and outside of them, in one place, I found a sort of public promenade with fountains, and a monument to some governor or other who had been the author of this improvement.

Some time previous to our arrival at Hermanstadt, the two discontented princes had considerably regained something of their good humour, and the Wali ventured on an occasional sly joke. They saw my anxiety to attend to their comfort, and were, I believe, somewhat ashamed of themselves: but still they had not made up their minds to be good; they felt the coercing power of common sense and circumstances, but had not courage to permit themselves to be led by it. I more than once saw the Wali deep in thought, and then shaking his head say, as if to himself, "*Oh! Karadengiz, Karadengiz!*—Oh! thou Black Sea!" At this place, their courage had so far returned as to speak of it; they had done so first to their elder brother: no doubt, much had passed on the subject in the coach during its weary

progress through the Hungarian sands, and the dreary scenery through which they led us. He begged me to show them the map, and explain to them, as I had to him, the *pro*'s and *con*'s about the road: this I did at once. They saw they had done me injustice in suspecting that I wanted to allure them out of the shortest road upon false pretences; and that Bucharest, or, at least, Georgova, was actually the nearest point to Constantinople; and they were the more inclined to credit what further I had to tell them. I showed them the distance; proved that, at the quickest rate they were likely to ride, it would occupy fully twenty days; told them that the villages were worse than the worst they had yet seen here; and put it to themselves whether they, who thought it much to go seventy miles a day in an easy coach, sleeping and eating tolerably at least every night, could support the fatigue of going even thirty miles a day on villanous little ponies, exposed to the severity of winter weather, uncertain of shelter at night or of food to eat,—even if the fifteen to twenty horses they required could by possibility be got.

The elder prince, after a few moments' thought, said, "*Kheyr Wali, momkin neest; ne-me-shewed.*— No, no, Wali, it is impossible; it won't do." The Wali scratched his head and looked blank; Timour said nothing: so I left it to work, merely saying that they must make their minds up at once, as the time had come when I must write to engage passages for them in the steamer.

The prince himself now began to evince anxiety about the mode and style in which he was to be received and entertained on his arrival in the Turkish capital. I saw that their expectations were too high on that head, and thought it best to prevent worse disappointments by taking them down a peg now: so I said that if they expected to be received or entertained as persons of royal rank, and to be provided with an attendance adequate to such pretensions, I was afraid they would be sadly disappointed; it should be my business to take care for their comfort and respectability as heretofore, but more was out of my power. What attention the Sultan might be disposed to pay, I could not presume to guess; it was a

matter in which I had no power, and could not interfere. He then spoke of the friends he had at Constantinople, who would doubtless flock to see him; and remarked that it would be absolutely necessary he should have handsome apartments to receive them in, and servants to attend; and wished to stipulate that, *when he went to see the Sultan*, he should be furnished with a suitable train. — Poor prince! I waived further discussion of the question for the present, observing that it was premature; that on reaching Bucharest I should write to our ambassador, Lord Ponsonby, to acquaint him with his royal highness's approach and that I was confident his Excellency would order all proper arrangements to be made for their accommodation. This intimation did not appear quite to satisfy his royal highness, who looked rather hurt, as I thought, at the manner in which I treated the subject; but on this occasion the Wali stepped forward as mediator, and made a sensible and rather acute comment on what I said, explaining to his brother its justness: and I left them all three together, to ruminate on the whole conversation.

It was with no small satisfaction on my part, that next morning, (10th October,) we entered our carriages to perform the last two hundred miles of our long journey to Bucharest; assured that every measure had been taken to prevent present delay, and to secure ultimate success. I had written from Vienna to inform Mr. Colquhoun of our coming about this time; and my estafette from Kinini would arrive in time to prepare accommodation for my charges, as well as to smooth any obstacles that might possibly occur on the way: so on we went, with boldness and confidence.

Our first fifteen miles to the pretty village of Boitza lay through a rather level tract; but at this village, near which is the Austrian frontier, the pass of the Rothentourn, or the Red Tower, commences, and a desperate pass it is. The Rothentourn is, in fact, at the village, and forms the quarters of the commandant of the frontier; but the quarantine station is five miles further on. This Red Tower was famous, in times of yore, as one of the passes by which the Turks were wont to invade Hungary; and has been the scene of more than one desperate en-

gagement between the Christian and Mahometan forces: it is a scene worthy of great events.

We were detained shamefully for nearly an hour at this barrier by the indolence of the Austrian colonel or his servants, though all required was to countersign our passports; after which, we entered the pass. The road winds along the bank of the river Altai, which, rising on the north and north-western face of the Carpathians, here forces its way through them. The mountains, finely wooded, close in upon the stream, often leaving little more than space for it to boil along, yet displaying fine patches of pasture stealing up amidst the forest and coppice wood.

The indentations and sharp turns, as we advanced, would often disclose the sweetest and wildest glens, with, perhaps, a lonely hut peeping from among the foliage. There was little, however, of rock; wood predominated, and rose to the highest points we could see, increasing in magnitude and grandeur as we advanced. The left, or eastern bank, was covered with magnificent oak, beech, lime, and hornbeam;

the right, on which side we were, and could therefore see less of, was clothed with more of coppice, but all as rich as imagination could paint in the gorgeous hues of autumn. The highest and craggy peaks of the mountains are not perceptible from the bottom of the mountain; which is rather a pity, as the rock above would relieve the eye, cloyed with the interminable luxuriance of foliage: but still sweet meadows and patches of cultivation produce that effect to a certain extent; and, though we saw no inhabitants, great stacks of hay scattered over the "clearings" on the opposite side gave proof that such existed.

At the mouth of one of these openings, on a little flat spot formed by a bend of the river, stands the quarantine station, a group of houses constructed for the purposes of a lazaretto, and for the necessary officers and attendants; and a more perfect barrier could not well be imagined,—wild and romantic enough to see, but sad enough to be confined in. Here our passports were examined for the last time by the Austrian authorities, and we changed our peasants' horses of Hermanstadt for those

of the Kinini post. It was a striking change to those unaccustomed to such scenes.

Beyond the forbidden pale stood grouped a number of bipeds and quadrupeds whose forms and costumes would have enchanted a Salvator Rosa, or a Cruikshank, in their several *genres*. There was the sheepskin pelisse, the ragged cloak, the scrimp jacket, the mushroom-shaped castor, the round black, the white, or the red cap of wool, and the great Toorkoman-like head-piece; all of which, with wide breeches or long-tailed skirts, sandals or boots, or bits of either, and an hundred other rags and tatters, and nondescript appliances of habiliment, make up the outward man of the Walachian peasant: and, intermingled with these, in quantity exceeding all our pre-conceived notions of what might be necessary, were the scarcely more wild and shaggy little steeds that were to be the immediate agents in our onward movement. But all stood aloof and still, until the word was given, and the carriages moved forward for the last time under the impulse of our Transylvanian posters. When the drivers of these had unharnessed their beasts and retired, leaving the

carriages and ourselves alone in our glory, then it was that life and activity seemed at once transfused into the strange mass, and then began a sight worth seeing.

Not less than twelve of the small shaggy things misnamed horses, with manes, tails, forelocks and fetlocks, matted into solid masses with the burs of the pasture in which they had just been caught, were now brought forward for the coach, and ten for the chariot, all ready harnessed together for the occasion:—and how harnessed?—a long twisted withy of birch-tree branches, knotted together in the most portentous knots, extended the whole length between the pairs; and to this the broad hempen collar which each horse wore was attached by ligatures quite as primitive, so that this acted as the main trace; but each horse was also possessed of a little swingle-tree of its own, with small traces of some sort of rope: but it was only the wheelers that were attached by these traces to the carriage; the rest depended on the great withy, which was fastened to the end of the pole by a simple knot formed of its own substance, and kept fast by a wooden pin.

This was performed in a trice, and the whole affair was got ready with great celerity and despatch.

But this was not all: a number of horsemen now made their appearance, wild as the wild huntsman himself,—something like Turkish Soorajees,—with coarse grey stuff jackets embroidered with blue worsted lace, and each bearing a brass badge on his breast, and pistols at his waist; their steeds being as small and shaggy as the posters. This cavalry surrounded the coach and carriage, while a couple of men on foot took up their stations at each door, with ropes fastened to the roofs of the carriages, in order, as it appeared, to prevent their turning over in the bad places:—I think we had something like ten or a dozen men about each carriage. These were formidable preparatives, and accordingly we anticipated desperate work.

The road, indeed, was bad enough. It led chiefly along the foot or the face of a steep bank, sometimes on gravel, but oftener on a track cut or worn in the rock, and so uneven that it resembled more the bed of a torrent,

than even the roughest imaginable pavement. There were many sharp pulls too, leading over projecting knobs of rock, and steep descents to correspond; so that the course of the vehicles was anything but smooth. In many places the road was constructed of split logs of wood, supported on beams of the same, driven into the bank of earth or rock, and led across very ugly steps; and these passages always extremely rough from the inequality of surface in the wood, were not a little alarming from their height over the boiling water, which we could see through the chinks of the flooring. Yet, on the whole, the actual danger was smaller by far than I expected, and the scenery was splendid throughout; and the varieties of wood, and rock, and mountain, with the fine green stream boiling and twisting below, amply compensated for the rudeness of the road.

Through this pass, and its wild beauties, we held our way for what is called fifteen miles. I do not believe it is so much, yet the distance from Boitza to Kinini is said to be twenty miles: perhaps the difficulty of the road, and

the time it consequently occupies, are taken into and swell the account. In winter the stage must be both severe and dangerous.

At Kinini, which is a small Walachian town, or rather village, we crossed the river on a floating raft, and were welcomed by a grand-looking person in a fine sky-blue and gold dress. He was a Greek merchant, one of the village authorities, who invited us into his house and treated us with pipes and sweet-meats, offering us dinner if we would stay for it. He had once been postmaster, and "horsed" the road all the way to Bucharest; but the business was now in the charge of another, to whom we accordingly paid the posting fare all the way to that capital. We paid for twenty horses for the two carriages; and the sum per mile, which is regulated, was small indeed in comparison to that which we had lately been charged.

At this place we quitted the river, and commenced ascending the hills which bound its bed. This stage of fifteen miles was a most arduous one for the cattle, and we could only get on at a foot's pace; so that what with

the time lost at Boitza, at the quarantine, and at Kinini, it was dark by the time we had made out two-thirds of it; and a house of tolerable appearance being near, where we were told accommodations were to be had, and the nature of the road being certainly not such as to make night-travelling safe for such carriages as ours, we alighted, and took possession of the only two rooms which the place afforded. Both had cushioned divans running along one of the walls; but, unfortunately for us, they had been pre-occupied by a swarm of fleas, which, so soon as we invaded their quarters, resented the intrusion by a general attack. Sleep was out of the question; nor was its approach much favoured by certain cups of strong tea, which, in lieu of other fare, we had concocted for supper: so that it was no penance for us to be on foot by four in the morning of the 11th, when, shaking our feathers, we prepared for a vigorous start.

It was a good hour, however, before the complicated machinery of our locomotive engines could be rendered fit for action; and then we became aware that, in addition to the afore-

said complement of horses, the *attelage* had been increased by a couple of yokes of oxen to the carriage, and *three* to the coach. These creatures were brought just as from the native cart, with their neck-yoke and pole, and placed before the wheelers, the end of each pole being fastened to the tail of the next by a simple wooden peg: there was nothing about them of the rope sort; and the whole weight and security of the carriages, in the severe up-hill pulls, rested on these single wooden pegs. The oxen are mainly useful in these ascents, as they can be depended on for a steady pull; whereas the horses, if overweighted, get frightened and give way, or pull unequally and by jerks.

Certainly we had need of them all, for dire were the ascents and descents we had to encounter on our way to Primova: but the scenery was grand; the mountains reared their heads fantastically out of a sea of mist that filled the valleys like a lake, and they were all clothed with superb wood. One or two grand rocky masses rose high above the rest, and we had peeps into some exquisitely wild and rich-

ly varied glens that afforded pictures most tempting to the draughtsman: but we had no time for such amusement; our business was to get clear of the hills before dark, that we might pursue our way along the plain uninterruptedly to Bucharest.

On our arrival at Prepora, where we were to change horses, and intended to eat our breakfast, the carriage had no sooner halted than our attention was attracted to a fire in the open air, around which, besides the usual concourse of picturesque savages, and the strings of horses and oxen prepared and ready-harnessed for us, two figures particularly fixed our regards. The one was a splendid figure in an Albanian dress of crimson and gold, with silver-mounted pistols and yatagan; the other stepped forward immediately, and removed any doubts we might have entertained regarding his country, by addressing us in English, and informing us that Mr. Colquhoun the consul had sent him to meet us, to assist us in our progress towards the Walachian capital. He had arrived the night before, and had fortunately been prevented from going further

by the badness of the road; and though he prepared us for a journey, if possible, worse than that of the preceding day, I need not say how pleasant was the rencounter. It was, indeed, a most agreeable addition to our party, and afforded us confidence as well as satisfaction; for we now knew that horses and everything requisite had, by orders of government, been prepared for our approach; and, in fact, at the very next stage, we found a table spread for us in the wilderness, at the house of a Walachian Ispravnick, where we were served with a capital breakfast,—a feast which was done great honour to by our Persians, and which inspired fresh courage in us all.

The road continued much the same for the next two stages, but our *tail* exceedingly increased, for these governors had received orders to accompany us with still larger parties of the mounted police; so that the party resembled a little *corps d'armée* on its route. This was useful in the bad steps, but exceedingly oppressive in other respects: even the dust it kicked up was distressing; and the

shouting and hallooing as they followed the carriages, or supported them in the dangerous places, was equally ludicrous and disagreeable: but there was no evading it; it was the order, and must be obeyed.

We had one unpleasant accident on the way. In descending a steep hill, one of the foot-men, who was propping up the coach, got entangled somehow by the hind-wheel, which threw him down and went over his leg and thigh. He lay writhing on the ground, and, I feared, was desperately hurt; yet on examination it was found that no bones were broken. A medical man, who by a singular chance had joined us,—for medical men are not plenty in these wilds,—examined the limb; he was put into Mr. Lloyd's cart, and left, with some money to provide for his wants, in charge of the postmaster at the next stage.

From thence, we bowled smoothly along a valley for some time; then came another mountain, in the ascent of which recourse was had again to oxen; and then a long descent into the valley of Argish. Here there is a con-

siderable town, and a large handsome finely situated Greek convent, where travellers can always find accommodation; but we thought of nothing but pushing forward to the termination of our journey: so, changing horses, we soon dashed through the rough-streeted village, which is placed very near the opening of the valley into the plains; and, understanding that the road along them was from hence safe and good, went on with confidence, although all was now hid in darkness.

Still it was rough work, for the road in many moist places was made practicable with wooden logs, after the *corduroy* fashion; and, in spite of our eagerness, there was none of the party, I believe, who did not feel it an agreeable surprise when the vehicles stopped, near midnight, at a handsome-looking house, where we were received by a blaze of torches. It was the government house of the town of Pitesté, where an excellent supper, and divans to lie on, if we had chosen to sleep there, awaited us; and where we were welcomed by the governor himself, and his brother: the former a fine-looking old gentleman, clad in the Walachian dress,

and wearing on his head a black velvet cap; the other, equally good-looking, wore the Walachian uniform.

The good supper infused fresh life into us all, and we recommenced our journey with high hopes of reaching Bucharest by four o'clock the next day:—we did even better, for once. There were no delays; the roads improved; and in the morning we found ourselves gliding along a perfectly level ill-cultivated plain, sprinkled with patches of jungle, through which the road, a mere track, winds deviously at will, except where swamps or watercourses render it impassable in winter, and in such places it is repaired with wood: what a business it must be in heavy rain, or after a thaw! The villages resembled those I had seen in Servia,—huts of wattles and clay, for the most part; having, interspersed, a few of better aspect, being whitewashed, but altogether affording no very tempting objects.

Towards Bucharest the country becomes more bare and open; it reminded me somewhat of the approach to Baghdad across its wide and desolate plains: there is scarcely any un-

dulation of ground; but the town, lying altogether on the low ground of a river's bank, presents no object to the approaching traveller except a few church steeples. These, and the tall mast-like levers of the wells, which are very numerous, are the only objects that break the horizon; and these give it much of an Oriental character.

Approaching within a short distance, we were met by a mounted Cossack and some police, who marshalled us by a way which, if it really be the principal approach to the city from this side, has certainly more of the Asiatic than of the European aspect. It led us through broken ground, and hundreds of brick-kilns; and "still the wonder grew:" how are all these swamps and hollows to be traversed in wet weather? At length, crossing a wooden bridge, and escaping many holes and gullies, we reached something like a highway, where, following the gleaming of our Cossack's flag, which, like an *ignis fatuus*, was sometimes seen and sometimes lost, we gained a barrier, where we were received by an officer and guard of mounted Cossacks. The coach being indicated

to this officer as the vehicle containing the persons of their royal highnesses, the Cossacks surrounded it like a cloud, and away they scoured, like hey-go-mad, leaving us to follow as we might. This we did, no doubt; but tired posters, clumsy drivers, and sundry trains of intervening hay-carts, shut us out from view: nor did we regain sight of our friends until, after sundry wanderings in the dusty hot streets, we were found by a Cossack sent to pick us up, and conducted to the house of Mr. Colquhoun, the British consul. As for the princes, there being no hotels at Bucharest, Prince Ghika, ruler of Walachia, on the representation of Mr. Colquhoun, had assigned to their royal highnesses the house of an absent noble for their accommodation, where they were received by a guard of honour appointed to attend them, and welcomed by one of his highness's aides-de-camp. There I left them for the time; and I need scarcely tell you, what pleasure we felt in the consciousness of having thus completed the second grand stage of our journey, which was accomplished at two o'clock on the 12th of October, just thirty-nine days from our quitting London.

LETTER VII.

THUS happily arrived at Bucharest, the first object, as you may well imagine, was to gain all possible information calculated to guide us in our further progress; and the earliest piece of intelligence we acquired was not of an encouraging nature. The plague, it was said, was prevalent and increasing at Constantinople; the deaths in the Frank and Greek hospitals being stated at one hundred per day. On the morning following our arrival, I found the princes in great consternation at this report, which had already reached them. They had seen the disease depopulate cities and provinces in Persia, where it is a rare, but a terrible visitor; and had no idea of considering it in the cool and tranquil way in which it is regarded by the Turk of Constan-

tinople, of whom it is pretty nearly an annual acquaintance.

After venting many ejaculations of horror, upon my regretting that they were likely to be so unpleasantly welcomed at the Turkish capital, they instantly and most strongly protested that not one step towards Constantinople would they make while plague continued to exist there. "No, no, Saheb Fraser," said the elder prince, "*Een showkee n'eest*—this is no joking matter: our object in this journey is to return in health and happiness to our families; and whether this object is attained four or five months sooner or later is of little consequence, so that it be secured: but to go with our eyes open to a city of the plague, is not the way to do so; on the contrary, it is the sure mode of never seeing our families at all." Their tone altogether appeared to be so completely changed from that impatience which so lately marked it, and they talked so indefinitely as to their probable time of departure, and of their stay at Bucharest, that I felt it necessary to bring them up a little, and told them, that, though undoubtedly I should not consider

it right to press them to run serious risks, I must yet protest against unnecessary or indefinite delay, as contrary to the spirit of my instructions and the intentions of the English government. The prince replied, that the English government, in framing its instructions, did not, he presumed, contemplate such a contingency as this; and then went on to state his own views regarding his stay here, and the arrangements to be made for his reception at Constantinople.

In reply, I said, that as the reports from thence were so unfavourable, but at the same time rather vague and uncertain, if he desired it, I should not press his departure for that place by the steamer of the 17th, but would write to Lord Ponsonby, requesting his excellency's opinion and instructions on the subject; and that his excellency would, no doubt, give directions for making all necessary preparations for his royal highness's reception, both as regarded security of health, and comfort of situation. At the same time, I felt it my duty to stipulate that his royal highness should give his promise to consider himself bound by what-

ever might be the result of this appeal, and to regard the opinion and suggestions of Lord Ponsonby as the expression of the intentions of the English government. This the prince agreed to do; and accordingly the necessary measures were forthwith taken, by the very steamer which should have borne us to Constantinople.

On the whole, I was not ill pleased with the arrangement. To have insisted upon the princes repairing to a scene of disease, even supposing I had possessed the power of enforcing my determination, would have been a strong measure, and, in case of any subsequent misfortune, would have subjected me not only to blame, but to the reproaches of my own conscience; and, I doubted not, the next steamer would bring me tidings that would at all events suffice to guide me as to the future. In the mean time, I saw that the prince's head was rather turned by the brilliancy of his reception: received by a guard of honour, lodged by the prince's command, attended at his quarters, not only by menials, but by officers of the prince's household and regular troops,—

treated, in fact, in all respects like a prince,—it was a foretaste of what he had to look forward to at the capital of the Sultan, that filled his head with magnificent ideas; and it was obvious that he was disposed to presume a little on it, and assert his independence.

The next day, the second after his arrival, it had been arranged that their royal highnesses were to meet his highness Prince Ghika. His highness sent his own state carriage, and there was a great turn-out of troops and guards; the ante-chamber was filled with officers glittering in gorgeous uniforms of blue and orange, adorned with military orders; and they were most graciously received by the prince himself, in state, surrounded by his ministers and staff, who expressed his high gratification at seeing them in his dominions, and trusted they would find their stay agreeable.

In two days after this, Prince Ghika returned the visit of their royal highnesses. He came in state, attended by his guard, his ministers, and officers of state, who "made a gallant show." After compliments, his highness expressed his hope that, these ceremonies over,

he should have the pleasure of seeing their royal highnesses on easier terms, and again expressed his anxiety for their comfort and convenience. Mr. Colquhoun took this opportunity of expressing his thanks to his highness, on the part of the British government, for his attention to its guests; and at the same time observed, that as their royal highnesses had no wish to occasion inconvenience, or assume much state, they were desirous to return to their privacy, and would therefore, if his highness pleased, dispense with the guard of honour he had been good enough to assign them: the prince smiled in acquiescence, and withdrew with his train. A day or two after, finding that the owner of the house which had been assigned to the princes, under the idea that they were to occupy it for two or three days only, was on his return to town, it became necessary to get them another lodging, which was obtained, by the exertions of the consul, near his own dwelling. The guard of honour was withdrawn, and their royal highnesses removed to their new quarters; and from that time forward, during their stay of more than a month in Bu-

charest, not the slightest attention was paid to them, either on the part of the prince or his officers, or the individuals of the place. Instead of the frequent and familiar intercourse which his highness professed his desire to maintain, there never was an invitation given, nor another visit sought or paid. Twice or three times an officer called at the lodgings of the princes, to express his highness's good wishes; but these went, it seems, no further, and the subsequent neglect was rendered more strikingly apparent by the brilliancy of their first reception.

What might be the influence to which this change was owing it is not for me to say, I only know the fact: nor was it that Prince Ghika rarely receives company, or seldom gives invitations; on the contrary, it is well known that his highness is often pressingly polite in his attentions to travellers of distinction, and loves to have them at his table. Be that as it may, the change was not unheeded by, nor unsalutary to, the princes; it brought them to their senses, and rendered the very kind attentions which they unvaryingly met with from

the consul and his family of double value in their eyes; they felt the steady nature of English friendship, and learned to value the counsel they received from their English friends.

Still, however, their spirits were not brought down to the point which yields opinion, and defers to the better judgment of others. Their fear of plague, and resolution not to visit Constantinople while that fell disease remained there, not only continued unshaken, but every opportunity was taken of expressing it: like that so long maintained by the Wali and Timour Meerza against embarking on the Black Sea, it was put forth as a fixed purpose, which no argument could change. And what now had become of that former and once unchangeable resolution? It was gone,—the stronger devil had driven out the weaker; worlds would not now have tempted any one of them to adventure on a land journey in Turkey, where, as the prince observed, "I cannot touch a mat, or a bit of old rag, that may lie on the road by accident, but, *tchick!* I have the plague. *Ai wahi! ai wahi!* what

a fortune is mine! How shall I ever see my family? on one side, my way is bounded by the wide sea; on the other, cut off by plague!"

In this way he used to entertain me whenever I went to sit with him; at last I lost patience a little, and said, that nothing surprised me more than to hear a man who had seen so much of life, and had felt misfortune, and experienced danger in many shapes, so terrified at trifles, which every traveller and merchant encounters without giving them a thought. "Ah!" said he, "Saheb Fraser; but these were dangers one could see, and knew the worst of: now plague, a thing that kills without knowing how or whence it comes, that is a very different affair; and as for travellers and merchants, it is their trade,—their business. Now, you English think nothing of a voyage by sea, for you are *Ahl-e-Deria*, 'children of the sea;' but we Iranees are *Ahl-e-Zemeen*, 'sons of the land:" and, *Penah-bur-Khodah!* the very thought of the sea makes our skins creep: and as for merchants, let them carry on their trade if they will; but for

us, we have no business to throw away our lives by thrusting ourselves into the middle of plague."—"Well! prince," replied I, a little impatiently; "the English government will have difficulty to believe this extreme timidity of princes whom they look upon as soldiers and men of courage." The prince looked at me silently for a moment, and then said in a sarcastic tone, which was very unusual with him, "That may be: but you will allow that it is well for Mahomed Shah that we are such cowards, and *he*, at least, will be well pleased at hearing it; for, of course, we are not likely to put hand to sword or fire-arm against him, nor ever to conspire against him with his enemies." To this I made no reply; but, returning his scornful look, walked off.

In fact, his royal highness appeared at this time to have changed something of his character, and lost a good deal of that sweetness of disposition for which he was usually remarkable. Not only did he show a strong repugnance to continue his journey; but, having admitted the necessity of being prepared for acting upon the receipt of tidings from Constantinople, he

became most fastidious about the nature and extent of these preparations. I saw that his ideas of state and appearance were still too high, and anticipated no small disappointment for him, and vexation to myself, when these things came to be made matters of discussion at the Turkish capital,—if, indeed, we were destined ever to get there.

I need not repeat all that the poor prince, during this short season of irritation and petulance, permitted himself to give vent to; but he persevered in talking so resolutely and so much, as a matter of course, of his stay for some months, perhaps for the winter, at Bucharest, until all symptoms of disease should disappear at Constantinople, that I informed him I should feel it my duty in that case to write home at once, and request the directions of his Majesty's government as to my own proceedings. "And what reason," said he, somewhat fiercely, "will you give for this delay? Perhaps you will tell them that I have entered into some intrigue here against the English interests, and am no longer the friend of England."—"No, prince," said I,

with a smile of pity; "I will tell the truth,—it is our custom so to do. I will say that you appear to me to linger from an excessive fear of plague."—"Well!" said he, "write what you please; I will write too."

Unfortunately, the little information we received from Constantinople about this time was most unfavourable for calming the prince's apprehension; and though I myself should have had no scruple at going there, the responsibility of forcing these poor princes to incur a danger which they so much dreaded was more than I was willing to incur.

Time wore on, however; and, as it always does, worked a silent change. The fiend *Ennui* again began to make his visits to the princes. They never would go out to walk, riding-horses were not to be had on any terms; and, although a carriage was kept for their convenience, they made little use of it. Making up some clothes for the winter occupied them for a few days; and we took one or two excursions to a country-house near town, belonging to one of the prince's family, and to which they took a fancy, because it had a

fountain of good water, and resembled somewhat their own disorderly Persian gardens. But their time hung heavy on their hands, few if any persons whatever went to visit them; and though they were always welcome at Mr. Colquhoun's, where they met with some pleasant persons who spoke a little Turkish, they longed for change: the thought of their families, and their desire to be with them, gained strength in spite of their fears; their lamentations for being cut off by the plague from pursuing their journey, grew more and more bitter, and insensibly the present annoyance of delay began to over-master their fears.

On the 1st of November, by the return of the steam-boat from Constantinople, I received replies to my letters, informing me that, though plague existed there, my charges need have no cause for apprehension. That it had been deemed proper to inform the Sultan of their approach, and that his highness had ordered them a *konak*, or accommodation, in the house of one of his officers, Mahomed Nedeem Bey, which was at Yeni Kewy, not far from Therapia, upon the Bosphorus, and where

there was no plague. We were expected by the return of the steamer; or requested, in failure of coming, to say when we might be looked for.

This information put the princes in a state of considerable excitement; but it was not now so much a question of "Shall we go? are these accounts sufficiently favourable to tranquillise our fears?" as of "Who is Mahomed Nedeem Bey? what is his rank? shall we be near the ambassador? shall we find servants and all prepared?" But, in fact, the question of 'to go,' or not 'to go,' was already decided; for the steamer was to sail early on the morning after I received my letters: so that, having one hundred and odd miles to proceed by land to Galatz, where she lay, to sail with her this trip was impossible. Of this I informed their royal highnesses; and further told them, that, as there was but one more steam trip to be made this season from Galatz to Constantinople, they must make up their minds to start with me for the former place upon the 14th of the current month, come what might. To this a constrained and sulky sort of assent was

given, an assent wrung more from their own uneasy restlessness than from a compliance with my wishes; but the affair was settled.

After this time the weather broke up and became inclement; on the 3d November we had snow, the melting of which in another day or two made country and town an ocean of mire. It was strange to see the acacias still green, yet loaded with snow. It was not spring in the lap of winter; it was winter rudely thrusting his cold "extremity" into the lap of a rich and vigorous autumn, which still retained some tints of summer. A few days before, it had been too hot to wear other than summer raiment; at this time, that of winter was acceptable, and all the stoves were lighted.

This change of weather not only circumscribed the few enjoyments and comforts of the princes, but affected their health. The Wali gave us serious apprehensions from an attack of sore throat, which required the most vigorous treatment. Timour Meerza was complaining, and the interpreter and their Persian servant out of order. The mode in which the

Wali was attacked, and its extreme suddenness, was well calculated to startle his brothers. He had complained of a cold, and slight soreness in his throat; but beyond some trifling application nothing seemed necessary for his cure. At the dead of the night he made his appearance in the room of the elder prince and Timour Meerza, unable to speak, but uttering fearful crowings, and pointing to his throat; up they got, in horror, and when they comprehended what was the matter, they got hot water, judiciously enough, and worked at his throat all night, so that, in the morning, speech at least was restored. But their alarms were not over; a number of leeches were applied to reduce the inflammation, and, after bleeding sufficiently as was thought, the wounds were bandaged up again. But, out of a mistaken care for his comfort, they had made the room so hot that the bleeding recommenced in the night; and the poor Wali was awakened by finding his whole person wet with blood, and his long beard clotted with it. He thought himself a dead man; but, recovering from his first panic, he rose up, and ran to the chamber

of his brothers, not as before mute, but bellowing out and crying, "*Ai Dadaish*, Ai Timour Meerza, help, I am dying, all my blood is spilt!" Up sprung the poor princes again from their sound sleep, and there stood the Wali, pale as a sheet, smeared, nay, steeped with gore; his eyes staring in his head, and his arms outspread, like a reanimated corse. No wonder that it was some time before they could re-collect their scattered senses, and attempt to yield him assistance. This they commenced by administering to him a little rum and water, which quickly reanimated him, while the sick nurse flew over to alarm the consul's household. The barber who had applied the leeches was then sent for, and soon allayed their panic and put all to rights. The extra bleeding probably saved him from any recurrence of the malady, for he had no relapse and recovered from that hour; but never liked to hear told the story of his fright.

But, in fact, not one of them now enjoyed either quiet of mind or perfect health of body, and it was painful on going to their apartments to see the same listlessness to which

they had been a prey in London creeping over them again, accompanied by symptoms of failing health; and under circumstances where neither exertion nor expense could procure for them the amusements and palliatives which London afforded. And now, as in seasons of distress is ever the case, the princes returned to their senses, and clung to those from whom they had always experienced kindness and looked for aid. In these hours of depression it was the visits of Saheb Fraser and the good consul that they watched and longed for, and the delight which filled the eyes of the party showed how these visits were valued: and now came apologies without number for past follies and petulance; and entreaties for forgiveness, and promises to sin no more; and acknowledgments of the great trouble they had given, and the exertions that had been made for their comfort. "We are ashamed when we look you in the face, Saheb Fraser,—your words were always right; and as for me, I will never slight your advice again, nor dispute your words, whatever they may be."

Their perplexity was increased about this

time by a discovery of gross misconduct and dishonesty on the part of their Persian servant, Assad Oolla Khan, whom alone they retained about their persons when the rest were sent away by ship, and who had accompanied them from London. He was an Affshar,—their mother's tribe,—of some rank, and connected with her, and had enjoyed their perfect confidence. In fact, the prince told me that he himself had, at one time, made the man governor of a considerable town and district. It was now evident that he did not merit this confidence. The discovery had, indeed, been made by the elder prince at Damascus, where some valuable articles were abstracted, and traced, to the satisfaction of his royal highness, to this man: but his brothers were either less easy, or less disposed to be convinced; the man, in fact, was useful to them, and was permitted to remain. The loss of several things of value here again aroused their suspicions, which were confirmed by the conduct of their servant, who was seldom in at nights, and often absent during the day. He was questioned; but his replies were so far

from satisfactory, that it was resolved to watch him. The loss of the golden cover of their caleeoon at length roused them to action; and one morning, before dawn, when the man was absent, they commenced a search in earnest. The mode of doing so was characteristic enough. While some of the party searched the house, and the place where the man slept, Timour Meerza, taking an iron spit, proceeded to the garden, and *sounded* the earth, in search of places which might have been recently turned up. In the course of this examination he discovered a soft spot; the spit penetrated easily, — then was resisted; he was sure of his mark; the place was opened, and the hidden treasure found. None but a Persian, accustomed to such tricks of his countrymen, would have fallen on such an expedient.

The amount of the articles found surprised the princes, who had no idea of his extensive scale of operations. There were no less than five pairs of pistols and three Indian shawls, besides a quantity of lesser articles; but those stolen at Bucharest, which had occasioned the search, were not among the number; and how

the others, which they believed to be on their way, by sea, to Beyroot, had come to Bucharest, they were at a loss to imagine. But the man, on being questioned, soon solved the mystery. He never attempted to deny the robbery, but on the contrary, with an imperturbable coolness, which seemed a compound of stupidity and effrontery, told them the whole story.

At Damascus, he said, he had made acquaintance with a fair seductress, to satisfy whose demands he had not only stolen and sold the pearls missed by the prince, but made away with a large portion of certain golden ornaments intrusted to his care. That some part of the money had remained till after his arrival at London, and had been expended in similar *liaisons*. Often, he declared, in London, the other two servants had proposed that they should rob the prince of a box in which was contained his jewelled dagger and all his small remains of property, and that they should spend the proceeds together in jollity and amusement (*khoosh goozeraunee*); but that the thought of leaving his masters thus helpless

added to his fear of detection, had deterred him from consenting, and he prevented them from doing it. He was asked, what could possibly have been his object in committing such a crime;—had he not all he could desire supplied to him? He admitted that such was the case, but that all was too little to satisfy the ambition of himself or his comrades:—London had opened to them new views and new desires; and he had set his heart on having a carriage, and a lady to drive about in it by his side; and it was for this that he wanted to secure a good sum of cash. But though he resisted the joint-stock temptation, he could not withstand that of seeing the purchases made by his masters coming in daily, and being packed up for transmission to Baghdad. The packages had, all but one, been closed; and, one day, he was sent to take something out of the one remaining open. Just beneath the article required, lay the pistols; it was too much for human, or, at least, for Persian nature; he remembered, he said, that his masters owed him a considerable sum for wages which he chose to fear might never be paid him, and so he thought he might

as well secure himself by taking into his own keeping a portion of the objects before him; so he removed the five pairs of pistols and their appurtenances: beneath them lay the shawls; these were very convertible and useful articles, so they accompanied the pistols: and so on, till he feared to abstract more, and all were packed into his own portmanteau. His intention, he said, was to have done nothing till the time of the princes' departure from Bucharest, when he would quietly have absented himself, and, after they should have gone, would have enjoyed himself with the wretched associates he had picked up here. Such was his own story, which I dare say was quite true, as it exhibits much of the improvident folly which mingles with almost every Persian trick.

The question now was, what to do with the delinquent. To leave him at Bucharest would have been in every way improper. Rogue as he was, it would not do to let him starve in a strange and distant land; nor would the tales he would doubtless have invented against them have contributed greatly to exalt their good name, a matter they were very sensitive to;

while, on the other hand, they were too wavering and undecided to bring themselves to the resolution of laying the affair and the culprit before the authorities of the country: so we were obliged to decide for them, and send the man under a guard to Galatz, to be shipped to Constantinople, from whence he could easily make his way to his own country of Azerbijân. He must have been an abundantly silly person, so far as expenditure of money is concerned; for I remember that, on searching his box, one article of his investment turned out to be fifteen harmonicas!

Their disgust at the whole of this business was extreme, and all tended to the same point, —a desire to proceed on their journey and return to their own people.

In fact, I believe that at the last they were far more anxious for the time of departure than myself, and certainly they evinced no want of alacrity in making their final preparations.

On the 15th of November these preparations were complete. The advanced state of the season, the uncertainty of time and means of

return by sea, the hardships of a land journey and of quarantine, induced me to resolve on leaving at Bucharest those of our party least fitted for such toils, under the kind and hospitable care of our excellent friend the consul, while I alone prepared to accompany them to Constantinople.

It was a painful parting on all sides. During their long and unexpected stay of more than a month, the warm and unwearied kindness of Mr. Colquhoun and his amiable family had made a home to the princes, and to all of us, of a place which, without their hospitality, would have been a most dreary prison; for, as I have already observed, not the smallest attention was paid them by any of the natives. To the consul's they were always welcome; and besides dining there very frequently, they constantly came over in the evenings to sit and talk with the ladies, as to their own home: while, on the other hand, the consul and his family were always contriving some pleasure or amusement to gratify them, and make the time pass more lightly. Thus the poor princes felt that in quitting Bucharest, or rather the

English consulate there, they were quitting their last English friends,—their last hold on European society and comforts: while these kind friends, to whom their many good qualities, no less than their misfortunes, had endeared them, in spite of their childishnesses and occasional follies, felt sincerely anxious for their future fate. As for those who had been their fellow-travellers for so long, and had shared the toils and few pleasures of the journey, they were quite overcome: and as I am neither fond of, nor good at, describing parting scenes, I will give you this in the words of the Journal already often quoted.

"This day was all preparation and bustle; the court was filled with carriages and horses like that of an inn: there were thirty of the latter required for the party, including the luggage-cart; for the carriages, if loaded, would never have got through the mud upon the road. The dinner was sad enough; Timour declared that, whenever he looked around the table at us all, a lump rose in his throat, and he could not eat. It did not prevent him from talking, however: for he was the life

of the table. The prince was sweet and grave, full of kindnesses and gracious words. He bade J—— tell me, that if ever he had offended me, or been unreasonable or troublesome, he now desired my forgiveness, and begged me to remember that he had been spoiled from his youth, and was accustomed to other ways than ours. 'Tell her,' said he, 'that I feel ashamed when I think how troublesome I have been: but, lady, I have been used to much attendance; I had twenty women to make my bed: so pray forgive me.' I told him, and truly, that I had never felt aught but pleasure in his company, or received aught but kindness from him. If anything had gone wrong, it had not come near me,—no cloud had ever come between us; and that the remembrance of the time we had passed together would ever be pleasant to me. He said, he wished to send his little son to England to receive an English education; and I promised, if he did, to act a mother's part to him, and teach him to be good. I then gave him the little gifts which I had prepared as keepsakes; sending also some trifles to 'Mrs. Reza Koolee Meerza,'

and to Timour's little girl. The prince begged to know how I had addressed his wife: 'Have you called her sister?' asked he:— and so I was obliged to write a note to the lady, addressing her as my sister, after the Persian fashion, and saying all manner of sweet things. Then came the sad parting. The prince, when he saw me overcome, had tears in his own eyes: he took my hand and pressed it to his heart, saying, 'Don't cry, lady; I will send Saheb Fraser soon back to you, and I will watch over him that no harm come near him; I will be a father and a brother to him, so help me, God!"

There was no use in prolonging a scene which distressed every one; so I hurried them off: and at eight o'clock in the evening we got into our carriages, and quitted Bucharest, accompanied by Mr. Colquhoun, who, not contented with making every possible preparation for our comfort on the way, insisted on seeing us himself safe to Galatz.

LETTER VIII.

And now, seeing that we have thus left the capital of Walachia, you will probably be inclined to ask me what sort of a place it is. It is a question more easily put than answered, though not from the abundance of interesting objects to describe; it is the want of marking features that causes the difficulty. For the town, figure to yourself a great extent of habitations, small and large, mean and of high pretensions, huts and palaces, spread over a low tract formed by a river's course; the said river a small muddy stream, rolling between its filthy banks through the middle of the city. These multitudinous and ill-assorted habitations are so interspersed with trees and gardens, that in summer you can see but a small portion of the buildings. This, to be

sure; is the best portion, for it is those which are loftiest and whitewashed that are most seen. Whitewash is liberally used in Bucharest, and is as cheerful and ornamental as it is conducive to cleanliness and health; and the view of the town from the Metropol, where there is a walk made by the Russians, or from certain other points of the high bank which partly embraces as well as overlooks it, is really pleasing and prepossessing. But all ideas of pleasure, or cleanliness, or health, cease when you enter its narrow, crooked, filthy streets. These are, one and all, it may be said, little better than receptacles or canals for dirt and abominations. It is only within these three or four years past that any of them have been paved with stone, that article being extremely scarce in the neighbourhood of Bucharest: and even now the great majority continue still *floored*, as one may call it, with split logs or planks of wood; from which they obtained, what they still retain, the name of *Podo*, or bridge. But many of them, and among these the great roads of entrance, are guiltless of either stone or wood; so that in win-

ter, after a thaw or after heavy rains, the mud is so deep, and the holes so numerous and profound, that carts or carriages cannot pass, or, if they attempt it, stick fast in the slough. Nothing, I conceive, in the shape of a city can exhibit a more depressing, hopeless, and miserable scene than Bucharest after a fall of snow, when a thaw has well advanced; it is a city afloat in an ocean of black mud.

As for the buildings, there are many private ones which affect the style of palaces, but it is remarkable that nothing seems ever perfectly finished in Bucharest; the funds, or the fancy, seem always to come to an end before their object has been completed, and nothing is ever kept in perfect repair. The moisture of the climate, and the nature of the materials made use of, invite decay, so that an air of dilapidation and discomfort is spread over what really is a rising place. Every palace, and private house too, in wet weather, is surrounded with its own little peculiar sea of mud; for few, indeed, are the instances where either pavement or gravel have been brought to the aid of cleanliness and comfort in the areas.

Bucharest, I believe, boasts of having as many churches, or nearly so, as there are days in the year. I hope that it may not be a case for the application of the vulgar proverb. Among the whole, there are none of any remarkable magnitude or beauty; and the ornaments, chiefly painted by Jew artists, are coarse and tawdry. There is a college for the education of youth at Bucharest; and, as there is a minister of state expressly for the care of public instruction, it is to be hoped that this is attended to. I have understood that education is, in fact, making great progress.

Perhaps, one of the most singular points in the view of Bucharest, is its perfect insulation in a wide and boundless plain: look which way you will, beyond the bounds of the place, and the small space of flat ground which intervenes between it and the high bank aforementioned, and you will not see an object that rises above the surface, except the poles of the wells, to which I have before made allusion. There are no woods,—no trees even; no country houses, or gardens, with one or two exceptions: all—all is flat, uninteresting plain; so level, you

would think, that a ball set a-rolling would bowl along to the world's end, without meeting the least obstruction:—it is a sadly wearisome sight. The fact is, that Bucharest is not only a town of somewhat recent origin, at least as a capital, but has been the victim of a long series of misfortunes that have frequently almost destroyed it, and render it rather a subject of wonder how much is left, and how rapidly improvement is taking place, than that things are so backward as we see them. Tergovest, a town to the north-west of Bucharest, and in a far finer situation, was, as I have understood, the original capital of Walachia. Why the change took place, or when, I know not: probably, when the Turks sent Greek hospodars from the Fanar, these satraps felt more at home in proportion as their new abode was within easier reach of the Turkish capital; or their Turkish masters may have willed it so. As for its misfortunes, not to speak of the rapacity of these hospodars, and to go no further back than the commencement of the Greek revolution, then an insurrection; from that time Walachia has been the scene of constant struggles. The

Turkish invasion and Turkish vengeance were traced in characters of blood in Bucharest. A person there mentioned, as one incident, his seeing three hundred heads, of not the meanest Walachians, washed at one time at a fountain which was pointed out to me; nor did these atrocities cease until the Russian war in 1828, when Walachia was occupied by Russian troops, which maintained possession, and only evacu ated it some months ago. One of the Walachian Boyards himself told me, that he had seven times renewed the furniture of his house, which had been six times seized or destroyed. But we must do justice to Russia: once in her possession, she addressed herself to the improvement of the principalities; brigandage was put down, travelling rendered safe, and improvements commenced at the capitals; the few which exist at Bucharest have been of Russian origin. Into the motives of this we will not examine; and dearly did the devoted country pay for them.

Walachia, in fact, is a country just rising, and shaking itself, after having been long pommelled and trodden down in the dirt by rival

powers, who, like dogs over a bone, were quarrelling for the envied morsel. We cannot, therefore, judge of what she would have been, or may yet be. Her capabilities are excellent, and her resources great; and with fair play, and rest to permit her energies to develope themselves, she might rise to great prosperity.

Neither is it fair to judge of the character or disposition of her people from present appearances, tyrannized over and maltreated as they have been by foreign invaders: no doubt the *materiel* is excellent — nurture and education must shape it to good. There is already a light breaking in upon the darkness. Old prejudices are wearing out; and many of the nobles, who have had more advantages than their fathers, have had their eyes opened to their true interest and that of the nation: give them, as I have said, but fair play, and there is no doubt of a rapid progress in the right way. Public opinion—that is, the opinion of the nations of Europe to which countries thus emerging from darkness are most sensible,—will guide and keep them right.

As seen in society, so far as my limited means of observation enable me to judge, the Walachian and Moldavian Boyards are pleasant and courteous; of their private characters I can know but little from experience, and therefore have no title to speak. Of the ladies all I can say is, that those few with whom I became acquainted were agreeable, and many of them very pretty.

Perhaps you may wish to hear an account of the impression made by this same Bucharest on less practised optics and fresher feelings than mine, and you shall have it accordingly.

"We are quite well pleased at the rest we enjoy in our comfortable and most pleasant quarters here, and there is quite enough of new and strange in this wild Walachian capital to interest and amuse us. It is impossible to convey an idea of the town; a Turkish town, as it may almost be called, is something so strange in all that meets the eye, a compound of magnificence and barbarism, grandeur and squalidity, so remarkable, that one is astonished at it beyond measure. The town is spread over an im-

mense extent of ground; and its three hundred and fifty churches, with their white and glittering spires, towers, domes, and minarets, would of themselves alone impart a splendour to any town: but, besides these, there are the various palaces of the prince and nobles of Walachia, with the public buildings, each standing in its separate court with its offices all surrounded with acacia-trees, and often with gardens; so that, when seen from a height called the Metropol, the *coup d'œil* is very fine, and suggests the idea of a splendid and beautiful city. But very differently does it strike the traveller when he comes to a closer inspection. In driving to these same palaces, he passes through narrow lanes scarcely deserving the name of streets, and generally paved with logs of wood, which jolt him to a mummy, to a wooden gate of prodigious dimensions, but in a most dilapidated condition. This gives entrance to a court knee-deep in mud, or covered with weeds, straw, and dung, across which he has to make his way to the entrance of the palace. Arrived at this point, his wonder is divided between the gorgeous

dresses of the Albanians in attendance, and the rude wooden uncarpeted staircase and dirty hall, which lead to rooms that for size and barbaric splendour of decoration are seldom seen surpassed. Such is Bucharest; everything partakes more or less of the same mingled and incongruous character. The furs, the silk pelisses, the turbans, and Cashmere shawls, which abound among the lower classes of Walachians, the Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, is astonishing, and one never tires of gazing on the various costumes in the street; while, on the other hand, the tattered habiliments or naked skins of the gipsies and meaner rabble occasion an appearance of wretched and savage squalidity which is more striking from the contrast.

"Among the various novel features of the scene, the appearance of the shops attracted much of our attention as we drove through the streets. The room in which the goods are exhibited, or rather in which the various tradesmen and manufacturers work and sell their wares, is unwalled, and the interior entirely exposed to the view of passengers; and

the motley groups and piles of various goods, mingled with the wild but rich dresses of sellers and buyers, formed a scene of singular interest. Here tailors were busy in preparing the fine befurred and bedizened robes of winter, cutting and shaping them in the public streets, as it seemed. There women were seen nursing little creatures swaddled up in silk, furs, and bright woollen robes of rainbow hues. Old crones were busy with their distaffs, and still more so with their gossip. Jews and Armenians were busily hurrying about upon their gainful businesses, and the lazy, shaggy, sheepskin-coated peasants were lounging more lazily along. Here was a waggon with heavy wine-casks stuck in the mud, or broken down; and there dashed along the numerous dirty, tawdry, ill-kept carriages of the Boyards, offering another miserable contrast to the gold and silver liveries of their gaudy Albanians and footmen."

LETTER IX.

LET us now proceed with our journey. It was with mickle toil that we made our slow way right on through the unvarying plains, in spite of bad roads, and reached Ibrailoff about midnight of the 16th. On the ensuing morning, after some doubts about a floating bridge over the Sereth, which was reported to have been carried away, but which, through the kind interference of the Governor of Ibrailoff was made passable for us, we started, and reached Galatz by sunset, where the princes went to the house of the English vice-consul, Mr. Cunningham, which had been prepared for their reception; and Mr. Colquhoun and myself took up our quarters in the hospitable dwelling of Colonel Balsch, the governor of the place. The country through which we

drove calls for little notice; rich, flat, and most imperfectly cultivated, it presented no features to please the eye, except the natural capabilities of its soil. To a sportsman, however, it would have been most interesting, for greater abundance of game, particularly bustards, I never saw; the latter were in flocks of many hundreds. We crossed two rivers, the Ialomniska and the Sereth. The latter, swollen by snow, was a fine stream, almost as large as the Euphrates above Hilla when I saw it in January, and not a little resembling it: beyond this river, which divides Walachia from Moldavia, the country rises into waving hills, at the foot of which, upon the banks of the Danube, stands Galatz.

On the succeeding morning, the 18th of November, on looking from the windows of my bed-chamber, my eyes fell upon the grimmest and dreariest prospect, I think, that I ever remember to have seen. It reminded me of nothing so much as the towns of Stabroek and New Amsterdam, in the colonies of Demerara and Berbice, in their early days, and during the rainy season. It had rained heavily during

the night, which added to the ocean of mud in which the whole of Galatz appeared to swim. Before the door ran a street, or rather a canal of mud, beyond which the remains of a garden —that is, a few miserable trees and bushes—displayed some dripping brown leaves, half choked in rank sere grass and yellow weeds. This stood upon a bank overlooking a low tract, which, when the Danube is high, is totally inundated, but now looked like a swamp after a thaw, full of leaden-coloured pools. On part of this stood the huts and houses of the lower town, to reach which in spring a boat is necessary; the smoke from their roofs scarcely rose to unite with the dense bluey-grey mass of mist that lay in a thick cake above them. Beyond these was the Danube, a fine broad stream, with thirty or forty vessels at anchor off the town, the only good feature in the landscape if the sky had been clear; but, seen under an atmosphere of mud and lead, the whole was as depressing as the most atrabilious mind could picture; and, to complete the comfort of the whole, the rain was still pouring. Such was my first view of Galatz; and, however great the

comforts I enjoyed within doors, in the house of the excellent Colonel Balsch and his most kind lady, it never appeared to me much better: it was always an ocean of mud, and dirt, and abomination.

At Galatz, however, we were doomed to remain far longer than we contemplated. The first piece of information we heard was that no steamer had yet arrived; and this was so far fortunate, for, upon going to call on the princes next morning, I found that the elder, who, till now, had most fortunately preserved his health, had, from some cause or another, been seized in the night with cold fits and shivering, and was, when I saw him, in a very threatening state of fever. It appeared, on examination, that some disorder had existed for the last few days; and a doctor being called in, found it necessary to have recourse to strong measures to procure him relief.

In spite of these, however, the disease did not show any symptoms of diminution, and for several days appeared disposed to take the most serious turn, so that I became extremely uneasy. It at length determined into a violent

inflammation of the liver and chest, forming what the doctor termed a "bilious pleurisy," and was accompanied with a teasing cough, great restlessness, and general uneasiness. The prince himself was extremely alarmed, and made a miserably bad patient: it was painful to hear him groaning out appeals to me to help him; to charge the doctor to use his utmost skill; to see if there were no other medical men; not to permit them to leave him; just as a poor sick fretful child when it sees its mother about to quit it for a moment. Assuredly nothing was spared to render the poor invalid's situation comfortable. His brothers and the interpreter Assad were indefatigable in their attendance, as were the servants of the house and Mr. Cunningham himself: but, while pain and illness remain, there can be no rest; nor could the prince exert that patience or self-command which might have been expected, and which more than anything else perhaps tends to mitigate the distress of illness. He was ever taking fancies for particular articles of food or drink, and desiring to have what was forbidden; and

assuredly more than once disordered his stomach seriously, and caused partial relapses, by insisting on eating or drinking such things as his attendants had not courage to refuse him.

In addition to the uneasiness which his illness of itself produced, I had the further anxiety of being uncertain how far the medical assistance which had been called in was equal to the emergency. Galatz does not, indeed, afford any great choice; and, having once put the case into certain hands, there was danger as well as delicacy in attempting to make a change, even could we have been certain of making it for the better. A consultation might be held indeed, but we all know how little, in general, results from that; but, as the prince did certainly appear to be fast losing strength without losing the disease, I had a consultation called, which decided that everything which had been done hitherto was right, and that there was no appearance of immediate danger.

In the mean while time rolled on: the steamer did not come; and, after some time, it was said that the Ferdinand the First, which

was the regular trader between Galatz and the Bosphorus, had been sent to make a trip to Trebizond; so that she was not likely to reach Galatz again for some time, if, indeed, the season should permit her to come at all: but one night's hard frost on the Danube might do the business, by freezing the river up, and shutting her out for the winter. This was no great comfort; and yet, as the poor prince's situation rendered it impossible that he should profit by her arrival, at least for some time, it was not to be desired that she should make her appearance; so that, between the season and the prince's illness, we were in a pretty dilemma. I assure you, that I began once more to contemplate through the vista of possibilities, the chance of a winter in the Principalities, with the further happiness of spending part of it at least at Galatz, where, from the infinitely smaller resources of the place, little of comfort was to be expected; and I regarded our removal from Bucharest as a most unfortunate measure. There, at least, we were within the reach of assistance, and more within the pale of communication with

the civilized world. Here, scarce even the necessaries of life, and none of the elegancies or luxuries, were to be procured.

While the prince's malady was at its height, I was myself taken ill. A fever confined me for three days to the house, and chiefly to bed; but by prompt attention I was enabled to throw it off, and was fortunate enough to have no recurrence. When I was able to go and see the prince, I found him much reduced, fever still present, and a hectic spot upon each cheek, which alarmed me exceedingly, although in other respects he was assuredly better; that is, he had less cough, and was capable of taking a deep inspiration: but the eye was still heavy, and the system still obviously labouring under the influence of disease. It was only now, in this extremity of danger, that the restlessness of my own mind, and the sinking of my own heart, rendered me sensible of how much I truly loved the prince —how much, in spite of all petty causes of vexation, his mild and amiable manners and real goodness of heart had won upon my own affections. It was to me as if the life of a

near and dear relative were at stake; and when, as at one time, I believed that all was, or would soon be over, the loss of a brother would scarcely, I think, have cost me a severer pang.

There was one medical man, an Italian, who, because he had not complied with some forms prescribed by the Moldavian Medical Board, was not entered on the list of practising physicians in that country, but who, in the opinion of some people, was the most skilful man within reach. The medical man in attendance on the prince refused to meet him in consultation; he could not, he said, according to the rules of the service; but he did not object to my sending for him and hearing his opinion. This I did, and the doctor saw the prince. His opinion coincided with my own, that, if more vigorous measures had at first been taken, much danger and distress might have been saved; but he did not appear sufficiently distinct in his opinion of the case, to encourage my interfering with the regular practitioner: and, as if to decide the question, the following night the prince evinced

symptoms of amendment, which satisfied me that, whatever mistakes might have been made, nature was going now to do her part, and that, if merely allowed fair play, the patient's recovery would be sure.

During all this time of anxiety and discomfort, you may believe that the brothers of the invalid did not find themselves in a land of bliss; the confinement, both from snow, rain, and mud, was so irksome that their very existence was like a burthen. When not actually ministering to the sick man, they slept or yawned, and groaned all day; and, when I came to see them, they used to talk of Bucharest, and those we had left there, and of London, "Ai London! Ai Mivart's!" with a shake of the head and a sigh, that proved how sadly sweet their recollections of those places now were, however they had wearied of them while in possession. But they never did relax in their attendance on their brother; their tenderness was perfect and unremitting; and I must say that the patient devotion of Assad, although bound to him by no tie of kindred,

and little more than that of sympathy and companionship, was beyond all praise.

It is impossible, in fact, to imagine anything more dreary than Galatz at this season, or indeed, as I should think, at any season. The streets are literally canals of mud, in which carts are sometimes lost. You cannot go out to your next-door neighbour's without a carriage; those who possess not that luxury use long boots, in which they wade knee-deep through the thick porridge; but there is not one foot of dry ground, or a paved street, in all Galatz. There is one long crooked street, indeed, that leads to the shore, or river bank, which is made a *Podo,* as they call it, or bridge; that is, has been laid with planks, or split logs of wood, which, as you drive over them, play squish-squash in the watery mud on which they float: but when you get down to this shore, your charioteer has full liberty to expatiate in the broad space of muddy clay that intervenes between the houses and the river bank, and where you sometimes have the pleasure of sticking so firmly and so deep,

that your pair of horses cannot extricate your vehicle. As to cleaning a carriage, or harness, or horses, such a piece of labour-in-vain is never dreamt of; the dirt hardens on them, unless when washed off by the rain, and some of the stains of the first days will stick by them till the last. Even such a thing as a clean interior is unknown in the dwellings of Galatz: the lady of the house may, indeed, contrive to keep one or two apartments tolerably decent; but the lower story is one cake of mud and must be so from the constant passage of muddy-footed menials. As for the vice-consul's dwelling, what with the coming and going about the invalid, the business of the vice-consulate, and Prince Timour's dogs, it was in vain to think of cleanliness or comfort; so he gave up the notion, and abandoned the whole house to them with as good a grace as possible, praying only like myself for as speedy a termination as possible to our stay and miseries.

Soon after the prince was taken ill, we had a false alarm about the arrival of the steamer. It was the Pannonia from Orsova, which, having

come down the Danube upon the Turkish side, and touched at several places on her way, had been placed in quarantine. In her were several English gentlemen. Among the rest Colonel Blane and Captain Duplat, of the Royal Engineers, on their way from England to Constantinople, who had taken their passage on board the Pannonia, expecting to find the Ferdinando Primo at Galatz, and to be transhipped at once, so as to continue their journey without interruption. You may judge of their disappointment and disgust at not only finding no Ferdinando Primo here, but that they must consent to go into quarantine for fourteen days, or until she should arrive. They had come straight from Vienna, and though the vessel had had communication with one or two Turkish towns where not a suspicion of plague existed, it was not a little hard for them to find themselves forced into limbo at Galatz.

As soon as I heard of their arrival, I made haste to see them; and, in reply to their growlings, I told them that, if they knew as much of Galatz as I did, they would hug themselves

upon having the privilege of living in the lazaretto, where they would have better air and less mud, rather than be obliged to take up with such quarters as they would find in the town, where there was no auberge, nothing decent procurable to eat or drink, and not even the means of going about, from being surrounded by oceans of mud. That, as for myself, I was fortunately most comfortable, by the kindness of Colonel Bálsch and his lady, who had actually made me *enfant de famille;* but that, without such a fortunate chance, I should not have known where to lay my head, the English vice-consul's house being totally occupied by the princes under my charge. I fear, however, that they scarcely felt the full force and value of my consolation.

After many hopes and fears, and occasionally great anxiety, the prince at length showed evident symptoms of amendment; and on the 30th of November, just thirteen days from that on which he was taken ill, he was removed for the first time to the sofa. The chance of his not being well enough to embark in the steamer, should she arrive, had always

been a source of uneasiness to me; and it was now just a race between *his* progress towards strength, and *hers* towards Galatz. Last night and this morning there had prevailed a strong report, which we could not trace to its source, that she was not to come at all; and I had actually been talking to a merchant of the place, conversant with the roads through Turkey, about the practicability of getting from hence to Varna, when doubts, if not fears, were terminated by the fact of the Ferdinando Primo's arrival this night at her station off the lazaretto. My kind hostess herself was the first messenger of this piece of good news, which she prefaced by the most good-natured and flattering expressions of their sorrow at being about to lose me, and all possible good wishes for my welfare. God bless her! she was a kind-hearted soul; and I have to thank both herself and her excellent husband for many a pleasant hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy on my hands.

It now became a question of great anxiety to know how far the prince might be equal to the removal on board, and the exertion of a

sea voyage and possible sea-sickness; for the captain, whom I went to see early the next morning, told me that he could not possibly stay later than till the morning of the 3rd December, or rather the preceding midnight, so that all passengers would require to be on board by Friday night the 2nd. But the information of the steamer's arrival operated like magic on the invalid; so anxious was he to quit the scene of his suffering, that the prospect of doing so gave a moral stimulus worth all the cordials of a doctor's shop; and as to his brothers, instead of now showing any reluctance to embark, I believe, so thoroughly were they wearied with their confinement at Galatz, and so much did they hate the very sight of the place, that they would have carried the prince on board by force, had he hung back. It is true, the Wali more than once asked me anxiously how many hours we should take going down the river, how many on the *Kara Dengiz*, and, above all, how long they should continue out of sight of land?—"Could you not," said he, "get the captain to keep *near the shore* all the way? for when I see the

land, Saheb Fraser, I feel as if the danger were less. Oh, let us keep near the shore. Wullah! let it be so! And if the wind should rise, Saheb Fraser, and the great waves come round the ship, or if there should be danger, don't tell me anything about it; tell me only the good news, none of the bad; in the name of God, let me not be frightened by evil tidings! If I am to be drowned, let me go down always believing that things are going well!" Is it possible, you will say, that these imbecilities can have come from the men who faced the foe and the torrent, cut their way through bands of armed men and swam through foaming floods, and endured a thousand hardships in their flight from the land of their birth? Yet so it is; such is the inconsistency of *Persian* human nature at least!

When all are of one mind, matters go smoothly on. By Friday noon we were all ready; and the prince, in his travelling dress, waited impatiently for the hour of removal. Col. Balsch offered kindly to lend his carriage; and it was arranged that after dinner, just before dark, we should embark at the town

quarantine, just where the vessel lay. Accordingly, having seen all the princes' baggage off with the interpreter, I returned, and took my last dinner with my most kind entertainers. A little before four o'clock I bade adieu to my excellent hostess, whom I shall ever remember with sincere and grateful attachment; for hers was the hospitable kindness of genuine and disinterested good feeling, — never obtrusive, but always attentive and eager to oblige. Colonel Balsch accompanied me to the consul's, —the princes had gone before; so we went to the quarantine, and found they were safe on board. A few minutes terminated my business on shore. I shook the good colonel by the hand, and embraced him *à-la-mode du pays*, —adieu! — then hastened on board, where I found all the party assembled at the dinner-table, the younger princes doing right good justice to the viands, and the invalid sitting in high spirits at the fire. "Oho! Saheb Fraser," said he; "so, you have caught me!" "Aha!" said Timour, with his queer quizzical look, "and us too! — ah, Saheb Fraser thinks, now he has got us after all, he can do what

he pleases with us; he is strong and mighty, Saheb Fraser." — "Ah," replied the prince, "Saheb Fraser knew what he was speaking of; we did not: there is the difference."—"Ay, prince," said I, "I hope you are now convinced that I had no wish but for your good, and that of your brothers, when I resisted their wishes at Vienna. I ask you now, and I ask them, what other way there was of extricating ourselves from our difficulties, except by this steamer, which it was the goodness of God to send? Had it not come, or had you refused to go in her, what had been the alternative?—a winter at Galatz: would that have delighted you?" —"*Astafferullah!*—may God forbid!" said the prince; "you are right, all you have said is true." The Wali laughed and winked at me with his little twinkling eyes in a knowing way, and all was right. Fervently did I thank God that night for the blessed opening which he had vouchsafed to make for us through the difficulties and embarrassments that had surrounded us so long: and as I gazed around me at the English faces that filled our little cabin, and felt myself

once more under English guidance, I felt a glow of confidence in the future, and said to myself, surely now our uncertainties are at an end, the rest of our course is plain and easy.

There being no ladies on board, the after-cabin was assigned to the princes, with such bedding as they wanted; and, after a good deal of pleasant chat, they retired for the night. Among the passengers who had berths in the first cabin, I found my quarantine friends, Colonel Blane and Captain Duplat, with one or two other gentlemen; so that, weather favouring, we had every hope of a pleasant passage. But we did not sail that night, nor the next morning either, for the agents forced the captain, much against his will, to wait for some goods that were yet to arrive, so that it was past noon before he got his clearance.

At about one o'clock, then, of Saturday the 3rd of December, we set the paddles a-going, and, after all my hopes, fears, disappointments, and anxieties, I need not say how delighted I was at seeing my charges and myself in a fair way of getting clear of the mud of Galatz, and

attaining our ultimate destination of Constantinople; yet the accounts from there were none of the most cheering. Captain Everson, of the steamer, reported that 14,000 persons had died in ten days when the disease was at the worst; but that it was said to have diminished fifty per cent. within the previous fortnight. It was also a satisfaction to hear that there was scarcely any in the European quarter of Pera, and none at Therapia; that the Europeans, in fact, who take precautions, entertain no dread of it.

A little before two we passed the mouth of the Pruth, a stream of some celebrity, and now the boundary between Bessarabia of Russia, and Moldavia of, I can scarcely say, Turkey. One would not have believed that the little creek scarce fifty feet across, and spanned by a wooden bridge of one arch, was the mouth of this important river, which spreads out so wide above in its marshes, and forms the wide lake, Bratich, at Galatz; yet so it is. Rainy, a poor Bessarabian town, or rather straggling village of huts, with some good houses for the Russian officials, lies on the rising bank just below it.

We now observed the arrangements of quarantine on the Russian side: stations formed of huts, with Cossack parties, were placed about an English mile apart from one another; and, as we neared each of these in succession, we saw a Cossack mount, and accompany us along the bank till the next station, which in turn sent out its mounted man to watch us.

About three, we passed Issakchee, a place of considerable magnitude, which had offered a stout resistance to the Russian forces in their last war with Turkey, and where a few good houses appeared, mingled with a multitude of thatched clay hovels. Many vessels, going up the river, passed us on the way; chiefly two-masted things, brigs, or those polacre-rigged vessels of native build. The banks were low and uninteresting: on the right-hand side, at a short distance, were hills covered with brushwood; on the left, the flat plains of Bessarabia. We reached a considerable and pleasantly situated town, called Toolchee, about night-fall; and, as there are some dangerous banks below it, the skipper thought it prudent to come-to for the night, in order

to have the advantage of daylight to pass them.

December 4th, we started a few minutes before seven, and with all the power of steam and advantage of current threaded the tortuous windings of the Delta of the Danube; and by one o'clock, crossing the bar of the Sulina branch, made our entry into the dreaded *Kara Dengiz.* During this long course there is nothing to interest the weary eye, which sees only reeds and grass, or the masts and sails of vessels which appear near, but are many long reaches of the channel distant, and which appear to bear from you in every quarter of the compass, from your own eccentric windings, ere you reach them. Russian posts line the left-hand side all the way down; and where the stream forks, and the St. George's Channel breaks off to the left, there was a gun-boat stationed, with one long gun, and, I think, two smaller ones. About half a mile above the station of Sulina there lay another of the same description, and a third at the station itself.

This station consists of three buildings in-

closed within a range of wooden rails, forming the lazaretto; and two more with some huts, being quarters for the officers and men of the party stationed here. On the right bank there was a group of some half-a-dozen wooden houses with a few huts, and there were several piles of timber. As we were going out, no detention took place; a boat put off with some letters, and that was all our communication from the shore. It is different, I believe, on arriving.

Well! and so there we were in the dreaded *Kara Dengiz*,—Prince, Wali, Timour Meerza, and all: and, Heaven knows! little did it deserve its black name; for a more smiling sea I never sailed upon, and so little of motion, that no one could affect sickness; so we ate and drank, and were merry. All night we ran on; and on the morrow, at eight, when we mustered upon deck, Cape Chabla was astern, and Cape Kalacria, a higher and wooded bluff, but a short way ahead. Between these the land assumed the appearance of low bare downs, presenting white calcareous-looking cliffs or banks to the sea. After ten o'clock

we opened the bay and town of Varna; and, at eleven, came to anchor off the landing-place.

Here part of our party landed; among the rest, Colonel Blane, Captain Duplat, and myself, accompanied Captain Everson to call upon the pasha, and see the town and works. The pasha, a good-looking jolly man, received us very courteously, treated us with coffee, pipes, and sherbet, and conversed for more than half an hour with us; an Italian gentleman of considerable talents and acquirements, in the service of the pasha, and assuming here the name of Rustum Bey, stood interpreter. Through the good offices of this gentleman, we procured a guide to go round the walls of the new works. They were too extensive to be compassed in the time we had to devote to it, but we saw the most important parts. You would not thank me for a description of them, and so I shall refrain from saying more than that when complete, as they very soon will be, Varna will be a very strong place. The Sultan has purchased in England some splendid guns for this and other fort-

resses, and we saw some of the batteries here already armed with them.

The town itself, which, with its minarets and new buildings, makes a pretty appearance from sea, loses greatly when you enter it. It was well paved and clean, and the bazaars were in tolerable order; but there were many ruins, and no great signs of a dense population: it has not by any means recovered the effects of the siege it stood in the war of 1828-9, when taken by the Russians. It is placed in a bay that is too open to be safe in bad weather, and at the opening of a long low tract of country through which flows the river Pravadi from Shoomla.

We started again at two, with a fine calm sea, hoping by next morning to be safe in the Bosphorus, and able to say that no one had suffered a qualm on the way. But, about five in the evening, the wind rose, and with it the sea; and soon was the cabin emptied of its company, though not till all had done honour to a very good dinner. In half an hour, sounds of woe began to issue from the after-cabin, and soon met with accompaniments

from the other berths; they were indications of a still greater agitation in the stomachs of the passengers corresponding with the increasing agitation of the sea. We heard the Wali groaning, Timour retching, the prince *Ai-Wahi*-ing: as for Assad, he was worst of all; he roared and howled as before, tossing about without the smallest regard to the effects of his passion on the surrounding objects, and emitting the most childish expressions of distress. For myself, I found that the enemy was not far off; so I went to my couch,—a hard one it was,—to avoid his power, if possible, by assuming a prostrate attitude. On the whole, for the five or six hours that the breeze continued, it was miserable enough; but after that the wind kindly fell, and when I visited the deck next morning, at daylight, we were going along seven knots an hour, in sight of the Boghâz, or mouth of the Bosphorus.

As for the deck, it displayed a wretched sight enough. It had rained as well as blown during the night, and the unfortunate deck passengers had been permitted to come aft,

which in the day-time is not allowed; and they had laid down their mattresses, or pillows, in all directions, and lay soaking in wet and filth, the consequence of their late emotion. Some of them were women, whom I had not before seen; and I shall never forget the countenance and general appearance of an elderly Turkish dame, who had stowed herself in a nook on the larboard side of the binnacle. But as the day advanced the deck was cleared, and water and mops set to work; so that when we entered the dark-looking jaws of the Bosphorus, and passed the outermost castles, by eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th December, all was once more clean and in order. Need I attempt to express the joy and gratitude with which I perceived ahead the village of Therapia, the flagstaff of the English embassy, and the English colours themselves floating from the mizen-peak of his Majesty's frigate Volage?

The question now was, what next to do? We knew that the princes' *konak* was at Yĕnikewy, and Yenikewy could be found. But to land baggage and princes at a venture upon

the beach at Yenikewy, and go in search of their lodging, would never do at all. We knew, indeed, that as soon as the steamer's arrival should be known, boats would be sent to take out their royal highnesses and convey them to their konak; but the hour was too early for Turks to be on the alert: and so I resolved to go on board the frigate in the first instance, and learn whether any instructions had been left there for our guidance; and if not, to let the princes go down with the steamer to her berth, and wait on board till preparations for their removal should be made.

The frigate, I found, was in quarantine,—that is, permitted no intercourse with the shore; and there were no instructions for me: so I communicated my plan to the princes, and requested them to wait patiently in the steamer while I made the necessary inquiries. I then accepted the offer of a boat from the frigate to land me at the British palace.

On reaching the landing-place, I found that the palace also was in quarantine; but, on submitting to due fumigation, I was admitted. I found to my great comfort that his excel-

lency had kindly directed accommodations to be prepared for me in the palace: but it was necessary to acquaint the mehmandar appointed to attend the princes, of their arrival; and, as he was at Constantinople, I resolved on going immediately to the steamer where she lay off Seraglio Point, to put the minds of the princes at ease about their destiny, carrying at the same time a whole bundle of letters from their families, which had been waiting their arrival here, to amuse them in the mean while.

On reaching the steamer, I found that information had already reached Mahomed Nedeem Bey, and that he had ordered boats to carry them up to his house at Yenikewy; and a person belonging to the Reis-Effendi, or minister for foreign affairs, arrived on board while I was there, to communicate this intelligence. But as the day was far advanced by that time, and the movements of Turks are not rapid, there was no chance of their royal highnesses being removed till next morning; so, making what arrangements I best could for their entertainment on board, I returned

to the palace at Therapia, and to the enjoyment of social comforts, which were the more delightful from the preceding period of anxiety and uneasiness. You are aware that on a previous occasion I had made the honour of Lord and Lady Ponsonby's acquaintance; and my reception now was marked with the same courteous kindness and frank hospitality which had formerly cheered the weary traveller, and rendered his short stay at Therapia so delightful. It is no wonder that I preserved a pleasant recollection of the Bosphorus, and contemplated a return to its shores with an emotion of gladness, apart from every charm of scenery and beauty; and as I retired at night to my old quarters, now by kind attention much increased in comforts, I could not help hugging myself with a gush of grateful feeling while I said internally, "Here now is the termination of all annoyances; here is a haven in which I may rest in peace for the short remaining period of my work!"

LETTER X.

On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I went by boat to the house of Nedeem Bey, purposing to continue my way down to Pera, in case the princes were still in the steamer; but they had already arrived, and were in possession of a pleasant apartment overhanging the Bosphorus. It was not, however, in the body of the house; and though the two or three rooms appropriated to the use of their royal highnesses were good, I did not like the situation in an outhouse, and entertained even then some suspicion regarding the degree of respect and attention they were likely to meet with during their residence.

A few days proved the justice of these suspicions; for, on my coming to call on them

at Yenikewy, I saw that something was not quite satisfactory, and, upon pressing the prince he somewhat reluctantly admitted that they had been greatly disappointed in the attendance and food provided for them; that the latter, in particular, was far from excellent in quality, and miserably deficient in quantity. This was confirmed by the interpreter, whom I closely questioned on the subject.

Knowing the conduct of Orientals in such matters, I was quite prepared to credit this; and when you consider the case, and are made aware of the mode in which it is customary for Asiatic chiefs to entertain their guests, you will be the less astonished at the fact. You know, I presume, that it is customary among the sovereigns and chiefs of the East to consider all travellers of rank and distinction who enter or pass through their dominions as their guests, and to provide for their reception and entertainment in the various towns and cities in their route, frequently defraying the whole expense of their journey, and always providing for their whole wants during the period of their visit at the capital. But as

there are not in the East any hotels or lodging-houses fit to receive such guests, and as it is not the custom to permit them to reside at a public caravanserai, it is usual for the sovereign to appoint some one of his nobles or courtiers as mehmandar, to attend upon the guest and provide what may be requisite, the house of the mehmandar being generally appointed as his place of abode. It is understood, and formerly no doubt was the case, that the sovereign defrays all the expenses of this entertainment; but in these latter days, when the prosperity and riches of Eastern sovereigns have become wofully diminished, this latter part of the arrangement has been very much departed from, and the unfortunate mehmandars have been left to reimburse themselves as they best can, or to trust to the present which first originated in courteous liberality, but which now custom has made it imperative for the guest to bestow upon his mehmandar at his departure.

Now you can well conceive that, under such arrangement, the duty of mehmandar is not greatly coveted; and that, when imposed, it

is discharged often with a greater view to economy than to the comfort and convenience of the guest: such, no doubt, was the case in the present instance. To announce the arrival of persons in the rank of princes, even though in their peculiar circumstances, was indispensable on grounds of local usage as much as of common courtesy; and to have omitted doing so would have been a failure in what was due to the Sultan. It lay with his highness to decide on what terms their royal highnesses were to be received, and how treated during their stay in his dominions; it was decided accordingly that they were to be received as his highness's guests and Mahomed Nedeem Bey, a person of some distinction, was appointed their mehmandar.

But it appeared that their royal highnesses became early the objects of intrigue and ill-will. A Persian merchant of no high character, Mahomed Aga by name, who acts as a sort of agent or consul for Persia, hearing of this intended attention on the part of the Porte, thought fit to go and remonstrate, as on the part of his sovereign, and to protest against

any attention being shown by the friends and allies of his master to persons whom he chose to brand with the epithets of rebels and enemies of the Shah.

The reply of the minister for foreign affairs to this tirade was calm and dignified: "His master, the Sultan," he said, "seeing in these young princes only persons of the royal blood in misfortune, and, not being free agents, in no wise committed as rebels by the acts to which they might have been forced by their late father, could not depart from the usages of civilized nations, and must consult his own honour and the laws of hospitality in providing for their comfort while resident in his dominions; and in this mode of conduct his highness felt assured that he was consulting, not only the honour, but the wishes, of his ally the Shah."

So far so well. It was not, perhaps, the fault of his highness that Mahomed Nedeem Bey did not fulfil to the proper extent his royal intentions; and again, the mehmandar might throw the blame upon his servants. Be that as it may, I urged the princes, and de-

sired the interpreter to tell the servants that if such inattention continued, complaints should undoubtedly be made in the proper quarter, the effects of which they no doubt would feel. But the threat did not appear to convey much terror. For a day or two, indeed, I learned that things went better, and the princes entertained hopes of enjoying more comfort and respect. But whether it was that the habitual hatred of the Turks for Persians weighed with the master as well as with the servants, or that they really were ignorant and boorish persons whose rough manners were not formed to assume the appearance of respect, I know not; but they soon relapsed, and became inattentive as before. As for the food, I have had occasion to believe that the Turks themselves are extremely moderate in their appetites, and are easily satisfied, both in respect to the quantity and quality of their food. It was now, too, the Ramazan, or Mahometan Lent; and I knew, by former experience, that in this season starvation is the order of the day. Besides, the state of the country from the reigning malady made everything scarce; in

short, there was no want of excuses for the short commons of which their royal highnesses complained.

Willingly would Lord Ponsonby have co-operated in any plan for increasing the comfort of the princes; but here again, the state of the country, and other circumstances, interfered to forbid such assistance. To remove them to another house would have been impossible; such an affront upon the Sultan's hospitality would have been unpardonable, and might have led to the worst consequences: and besides, where, at a moment's warning, in a place where houses are particularly scarce, were we to find one, of the safety of which from infection we might be satisfied? how to obtain the requisite furniture and conveniences, and suitable servants?

An attempt was made, indeed, to procure the latter; but none in whom confidence was to be placed could be found: so, after much consideration, it was thought better to allow things to rest as they were for the short remaining period, and in the mean time to supply their royal highnesses occasionally with such

comforts as could be easily sent from the palace.

And what was then the true state of the capital and its environs, in point of plague, at this time? you will ask. Why, bad enough in all conscience. It is said, the contagion on this occasion was imported from Egypt. This was scarcely necessary, seeing that the disease is never totally extinct in Constantinople. Be that as it may, some cases appeared in July; they increased during August and September; and in October and November, instead of diminishing with the approach of winter, the malady attained its height. Various accounts are given of the extent of mortality. More than twelve hundred a day are said to have died for some time; and, some little while after I arrived, the number of deaths was variously stated at from sixty-five thousand to one hundred thousand souls; but in Constantinople, as in all Eastern cities, where no census of the population is ever taken, no register of deaths and burials exists, nor any *sanitary* police whatever, such statements are vague and uncertain: that the mortality was great, was known from

other sources. At the barrack of Rama Chifflic two regiments of regular troops were more than half swept off. At Buyookderch, where there were four hundred men in barracks, they lost in the same proportion. The great burying-grounds at Pera and Scutari were full of graves: those parts nearest the city were turned so completely up that they resembled ploughed fields; and you seldom went past, without meeting bodies carried to their last home. In our walks about the hills behind the villages, we constantly met parties of infected people, driven from their homes to take up their abode in the plague-huts that dotted the heights all round: these increased in number every day; and at St. Dimitri, a quarter of Constantinople near the top of the Golden-horn, there was a perfect town of them. You could not go out without observing signs of precaution or infection. The attendants from the plague-hospitals might occasionally be seen at the doors or windows of houses, indicating what was going on within: and now and then you met a miserable haggard skeleton dragging his slow length along upon a stick, for

whom all made room to pass; he was one of those who had had, and was recovering from, the disease.

The Franks, and those who believed in the value of precautions, went about wrapped in wax or oil-skin cloaks, with sticks in their hands to keep off suspicious characters; and you saw most people gathering the skirts of their garments together, making themselves small, and giving their neighbours a wide berth, that no casual touch might communicate the dread contagion.

As for the poor princes, arrived on the scene of its ravages, and feeling the consequences of them in personal privations, all their horror of plague returned in full force, and they were sadly distressed; first, on account of the danger they ran during their stay; and, secondly, as to that which they should incur in travelling through Asia Minor, and full of anxiety as to the precautions which were to be taken to avoid it. They attempted to place themselves in a sort of quarantine, and to establish certain sanitary regulations, the utility of which they had heard vaunted: they forbade any one to

be admitted without their orders, got up a sort of smoking-box, and had chairs provided for visitors to sit on instead of permitting them to sit on the divans. In all this I encouraged them; but they had more wayward materials to encounter in the persons of their Turkish servants. "*Wullah!* Saheb Fraser," said the prince, "these *ghorumsaugs* of servants will be the means of giving us the plague; they do not pay the smallest attention to what I say, they let in anybody who comes here; and when we ask them why, and abuse them for it, they call us infidels—unbelievers. They say that the plague only comes to those whom God pleases, and that those who die of it go to Paradise; and therefore it is sinful to do as we do, and take precautions against a message of the Almighty. Now *our* faith tells us it is sinful to put ourselves in the way of danger. By your head! I am afraid of these fellows. I wish you could get us some good trust-worthy servants who would obey our orders, and see that others do so too."

The prince was right. The Turks entertain the fatal notion, that precautions are use-

less, to avoid contagion sinful, and that those who die of it go to Paradise. I have been assured by medical men, that in the harems, where the women and children are all huddled together, the sick and infected are not separated from those yet in health; the child is not taken from the sick mother. There was an old Turk, who had lost almost all his family,—seventeen in number, I think,—but who had a favourite daughter, yet a child, still remaining, and which was left in the very room, and was lying on the very beds where all its relatives, mother and all, had died. He was recommended to remove the child, lest she too might catch the infection. The Turk shrugged his shoulders; "*Allah kereem!*" said he, (God is merciful!) and the child was suffered to remain.

I heard of one young girl in a similar condition; her father or her husband had died, and she was urged to remove from the place,—I believe from beside the body: but she rejected the advice with indignation; and, when sensible of having taken the infection, expressed gladness instead of sorrow, "for now," said she, "I am sure of Paradise!"

There was a Turk, a colonel in the army, who, from a superior cast of mind, and by associating more than most of his countrymen with Europeans, had imbibed something of their opinions and more liberal ways of thinking. He had picked up a little French and Italian, and was well received at the different European embassies, particularly at the French and English palaces, and evinced a strong disposition to avail himself of the information and advice he received there. He had a command of four hundred men, to whom the plague was communicated by means of some uniforms sent up from Constantinople, and his people began to drop off fast. After losing one hundred and eighty men out of his four hundred, he thought it high time to depart from Turkish usages, and to take measures for putting a stop to the disorder, and saving the rest. He had all the uniforms and clothes washed, and the men were made also to bathe themselves in the Bosphorus. The apartments were all fumigated and purified, and measures were adopted to keep fresh contagion, as much as possible, at a distance.

The Aga of the castles on the Bosphorus hearing of these doings,—perhaps informed of it by some good-natured well-wisher of the colonel,—came, as if in the course of his duty, to visit the post. Here he made inquiries as to the state of health, and, on hearing what had been done to restore salubrity, "Bah!" said he, "all nonsense! give me pen, ink, and paper; I'll give you a cure for the plague." When the writing materials were brought, he scrawled some hieroglyphics upon the paper, verses from the Koran probably, and, handing it to the colonel, said, "There; stick that upon the door, you will have no more plague."

Soon afterwards, regular complaints were sent in against the colonel for his conduct in taking precautions against plague. The bathing the men, the washing uniforms, &c. were all detailed as grave offences; and so serious did Haleel Pasha, the new serasker, or commander-in-chief, and son-in-law to the Sultan, deem them, that when the colonel attended at head-quarters, in consequence of his order, the pasha would not even see him, but sent word to him outside, to say, that he was no

longer an officer. On hearing this, the poor colonel declared that he had only acted in conformity with the late serasker's instructions, which directed him positively to apply for, and attend to, the advice which might be given him from the Frank ambassadors on certain points; and it was the lucky preservation of that order, which had not been reversed, alone, which prevented his actual dismissal: but he was warned to play no more such tricks, on pain of what he had now escaped; and, I believe, though formerly a great favourite with the Sultan, that he has since retired from the army. I fear such facts—and there are many like them—do not speak much for the advance of the present race of Turks in freedom from prejudices, or liberality of opinion; certainly not, at all events, of those about the court.

It was not that the disease did not visit those in high places. It entered the house of the Reis-Effendi, and destroyed his wife and other members of his family. He was himself taken ill, and people thought it must be the plague, although the medical men said it was but a slight paralytic affection. The first

dragoman of the English embassy, Mr. Pisani, whose duty required his constant intercourse with the minister, in spite of personal risk, went to the sick man's house, and found him lying in the very room—they say, on the very same bed—in which his wife had so lately died; and Mr. Pisani was forced to sit down beside him, in order to hear the answers which the sick minister could scarcely articulate to his questions. No purification had taken place, and the disease was still in the house. The fact of the dragoman not taking the plague any more than his excellency, may go to show that infection is not always the necessary consequence of contagion, as has been imagined; but says little for the minister's good sense on this point.

But fatalism and folly have not at all times been the only coadjutors of pestilence. We have heard of *Les quatre voleurs*, and fiends worse even than they are to be found in human shape. It was during the decline of a former plague at this place, that a widow lady and her three daughters, wearied of the strict confinement in which during the height of the

malady they had lived, were tempted to leave their home on a visit to a friend. During dinner, the youngest daughter, a beautiful girl, complained of illness; she was instantly carried home, and carefully tended by her mother and sisters during a painful and feverish night. In the morning, the medical man who was called saw the truth at a glance, but, knowing that infection must have taken place, would not alarm the unhappy lady: it was plague, and the next day the daughter died. The poor mother, in paying the last duties to her child, saw the fatal spot upon its bosom, and knowing that her own doom was in all human probability sealed, kissed its cold brow, and then calmly and at once removed with her two remaining children to an hospital, merely entreating that *they* might be lodged apart from the infected inmates.

It appeared that the mortality in this hospital had been strikingly great, insomuch that nurses and attendants could scarcely be had to perform the requisite duties to the sick. But there was one man, a priest, who persevered in his attendance both here and at the

private houses of those who remained to die at home; he confessed the dying, performed the last offices of religion, listened to their last wishes, and soothed them with promises of seeing them performed, all with the most heroic contempt of danger to himself. To the sick widow did this charitable priest repair, so soon as he heard of her arrival in the hospital, and encouraged her to tell him all that lay upon her mind. The lady availed herself of his kindness, explained to him her circumstances, and informed him of her worldly means, and her wishes regarding its disposal. The priest undertook to fulfil all her wishes, and then proposed to administer the sacrament. But observing that she looked exhausted, he pressed her first to take a cordial which he would himself prepare; and with the words he took from his pocket a powder, which he began to mix in a cup which he also had brought. "No," said the lady, "I do not require it; but if I must take it, prepare it in this silver cup; it was my husband's, and I never drink out of any other." The priest reluctantly consented; but whether it was sus-

picion or unconscious apprehension, she declared she could not drink it then, and requested the holy sacrament might at once be administered, declaring that so ill did she feel herself, it might otherwise be too late. During his performance of this duty, she watched his countenance and manner;—suspicion was confirmed. After the service was concluded, he again pressed on her the cordial; she received the cup, but instantly pressing her other hand to her head, screamed out for assistance—that she was dying. Her cry brought in the medical man and the attendants. "Seize that man!" she exclaimed, and presenting the cup to the physician, pointed out to him the discoloured metal, and stated her conviction. The ingredients being tested, proved her correctness, for they were poison. The priest was delivered over to the consul of his nation, by whom he was banished; and there remained no doubt that much of the mortality that had been remarked in the quarter was owing to his treacherous assistance, and for the purpose of robbing the dead: he was the worst of murderers. It was the will of God that the lady who was the instru-

ment of his detection should recover; and one of her two daughters, both of whom are alive, related these particulars to the friend who gave them to me. Indeed, I knew her myself.

To add to the alarm of the princes, Timour Meerza was taken ill. Pains in the bones, headache, and sickness, were not things to be viewed without mistrust in these times; but his brothers attacked these symptoms vigorously. Without sending for any one, lest the alarm should be taken, they gave him, from the stores they had brought with them from London, a dose of tartar emetic, and afterwards of jalap, which did their business well; and though, when I visited them, I found him still flushed and feverish, the disease had been chiefly subdued: a doctor was instantly sent for, but before he came they had followed up their practice by administering a dose of James's powders, and he found little more to do than finish what they had so boldly but luckily begun. He set them at their ease as to plague: but they had not failed to remark the cautious distance at which I kept when they told me that Timour Meerza was

ill; he even observed it himself, and honoured me with a very quizzical grimace, as much as to say, "I know what you're at, but I will cheat you yet." In fact, so little subdued were his spirits, that he could not resist putting a practical joke upon his brother the Wali, in return, I presume, for the fright which the Wali had given them at Bucharest. Finding himself restless, and not inclined to sleep, he thought probably that no one else should do so; so he began first to moan and complain, and after a while broke out into violent exclamations of distress, roaring out, "Ai Wali, ai Wali! keep away from me—keep away from me—I have the plague—by your head! I have the plague; here is a large tumour under my arm." The Wali, poor man! roused from sleep by this terrible announcement, ran towards him with horror and bewilderment in his looks; the wicked Timour enjoyed his brother's perplexity for a few moments, and then burst out a-laughing in his face. The people in the house, however, had taken the alarm in good earnest, after I left him yesterday; and, Turks though they were, ran away from the place, leaving the princes to their fate.

On returning next day across the hills, I wished to take a sketch from a point of view which promised something good; and was just going to enter a sort of little building that seemed placed there expressly for the purpose, when I found it occupied by a party of poor plague-smitten Armenians. This did not look like diminution, any more than the additional rough-boarded huts that appeared daily on the sides of the hills, nor the occurrence of two cases in the village of Therapia close by the palace, and of four more in the Turkish battery just beyond; in short, there was enough to remind us that the fiend was abroad, —yet at the palace we felt it not. All there was peace, and quiet rational enjoyment. Our society consisted generally of Captain Richards of the Volage frigate, my fellow-passenger Captain Duplat, and a brother officer of his, and some of the members of the other missions, cautious persons who, like ourselves, lived under strict precautions; and most comfortable we found ourselves.

Visits passed between his excellency and the princes, who were also waited on by some other members of the corps diplomatique and

of the English party; and they dined once or twice at the palace,—a great enjoyment to them, for it put them in mind of London, and the happy days,—they now thought them supremely so—that they had spent there.

Time wore on; their situation had not become much more comfortable. Their mehmandar, Mahomed Nedeem Bey, instead of personally superintending the arrangements for their comfort, deputed some hanger-on or servant to this duty, and seldom came near them; and, excepting one visit paid to them by a person on the part of another of the ministers, Purteb Pasha, no Turk had bid them welcome, or thought of relieving their solitude by his society. They now began to feel that there was less danger than at first apprehended of being oppressed by the civilities of their imaginary friends, or of requiring fine apartments to receive them in, and a train of servants to support their dignity. A state of plague might account for some omissions, but could not excuse the total neglect, on the part of the Turks, under which the poor princes felt they were suffering.

They were now very anxious for their departure. At first there had been question in their minds of horses and equipage, and servants and tents; they imagined they must travel, as in Persia, with their full establishments in their train. It took me no small trouble to convince them that in Turkey every man travels either by the regular post or by caravan; the latter was out of question, and all that was required for the former was saddles and horse-equipage to put upon the posters they would find at every stage; for as to accommodation, that, such as the country afforded, they would find in the coffee-houses at each post, or in konacks in private houses of the villages they should halt at. This explanation, however, they viewed with suspicion, in spite of the "truth and justice" of all Saheb Fraser's words; the stubborn Shahzadigee and pride of rank was still at work; nor could I gain belief until I brought in a humble coadjutor, in the person of a well-known character, "Mustapha Aga," an old Tatar, and now one of the consul-general's servants, who marshals the travelling plans

and provides the equipment, of all English travellers from Constantinople, and knows the roads throughout Turkey as well as a postman in London knows his beat. This personage I sent up to their royal highnesses, who, after pumping at him and cross-questioning him in private for a whole forenoon, found out once more that Saheb Fraser had told the truth; a fact which the poor prince owned to me afterwards with sighs at his own disappointment, and some confusion of face.

LETTER XI.

It now became necessary to know whether it was the intention of the Porte to send a mehmandar with the princes to Baghdad, or to leave them to proceed at their own discretion; in which case I was prepared to furnish them with a confidential Tatar, to convey them to their destination. The latter plan would have in some respects been preferable, as leaving the princes more at their own disposal; but, as some of the districts through which their royal highnesses would have to pass were not in a very quiet condition, it was thought that an officer on the part of the Sultan might conduce more to their security, particularly in case of a military escort being required.

The question, however, was decided by the appointment of a mehmandar on the part of

the Sultan, who in due time repaired to Yenikewy, and reported himself to the princes as having received commands to expedite their journey. The day was even fixed for their departure, and their preparations were complete, when either a new light dawned upon the Sublime Porte, or some fresh intrigue set on foot against the princes was successful; for, on the very day preceding that of their intended departure, the same gentleman who had waited on them before on the part of Purteb Pasha, now again made his appearance to inform them that the Porte foresaw danger and embarrassment in their proceeding to Baghdad, where there were already too many princes of the blood of Persia, and that therefore, instead of going there, it desired that their royal highnesses should make choice of some other city in the Ottoman dominions for their residence. This news the Wali himself hurried up to inform me of; and it was confirmed, upon official inquiry, by the Reis-Effendi himself.

On my waiting on the princes, which I did as soon as possible after receiving this most unexpected announcement, I found them in a

condition that might have moved the compassion of their bitterest enemy. What had they done, they asked, to be treated thus? they were neither robbers nor murderers; they had never injured any man, and least of all the Sultan! What had they committed to be thus driven to and fro upon the face of the earth, outcasts as they now were, and even a resting-place denied them? what dust had fallen on their heads! what a dirt-defiled fate was theirs! They even professed to entertain doubts regarding their own safety, when they found that the government of such a country could break its word to unfortunate refugees, after promising them favour and hospitality; but, if it ever pleased God to send them to where they might once more rejoin their families, they would give up the world and its vanities, and become *Gosheh nisheens*, hermits, and attend to the good of their souls.

I did what I could to comfort them; told them that this was but a passing cloud, which, like others, would blow away; they had endured much, but every day that passed, every obstacle conquered, brought them yet

more near to the goal; and that the object of their hope would assuredly be accomplished at last. I could not, however, refrain from remarking that now they must see how disinterested had been the advice given them in England, to accept of a passage to the Mediterranean by sea, when, by the endurance of perhaps a week's discomfort, they would have avoided all the delays and annoyances they had been unavoidably subjected to on their land trip; and, having been at once conveyed to Beyroot, would have by this time been happy in the society of their wives and children. "Ah! would to God we had been so wise as to have listened to our English friends!" exclaimed the elder prince; "but we were blind and foolish: now, too late, we see our folly; we see that the English government have always been our real friends, and you, Saheb Fraser, our true and sincere adviser. As for these infidel Turks, men without faith or fear, what have they to do with us? let them just let us alone—all we want is to be let alone; we want no mehmandar," &c. &c.

In fact, it was a most cruel proceeding. It

was perfectly known that these poor people had left their wives and children, and other relatives, at Baghdad; and that, therefore, to Baghdad they must return, or submit to what amounted to a divorcement from their families: for the family of an Oriental, particularly when of rank, does not merely consist of wife and children; there are many wives, besides slaves, servants, mothers, sisters, and connexions, who are all included in the household, and must move with it where it moves. There were two or three hundred persons at that very time awaiting the return of these princes to Baghdad; and to move these to meet them at any other city would have been impossible, it was a mockery to propose it; and that the Porte must have felt.

His excellency the ambassador saw the hardship of the case, and took it up with all the zeal of a kind and benevolent mind: he remonstrated not only on the grounds of common humanity and hospitality, but of their own previous promises; and demanded that the obstacles to the departure of the princes should be removed, and permission granted for them

to rejoin their families. But the influence, whatever it was, that raised these obstacles, was powerful, and the opposition obstinate. It was urged that the Porte had a full and indisputable right to prescribe the terms of residence within its dominions to aliens desiring to settle there; that, when a favour is requested, it is unreasonable in the petitioner to prescribe the mode of granting it; that, when a man agrees to accept you as his guest, it does not become you to insist on having your choice of the rooms in his house. The princes, in order to facilitate the arrangement, and smooth difficulties, proposed to reside at Kerbelah or Nejeff, holy places, where they meant to dedicate themselves to a religious life, abandon the world, and fit themselves for eternity. The reply was, that there were strong reasons against consenting to that course; and the reasons, just as frivolous and vexatious as the rest of the proceeding, were given. "See!" said the prince, "observe what infidel dogs these are; how bitter they are against us; they not only wish to prevent my comfort and

peace in this world, but to destroy my happiness in that which is to come!"

It would weary rather than interest you to hear the progress of this most unworthy and disgusting altercation: which, through the firm and decided tone of representation observed by Lord Ponsonby, terminated in a guarded and reluctant permission being obtained for their royal highnesses to proceed to Baghdad, where once arrived, their future residence there or elsewhere was to depend on circumstances yet to happen. What the evil influence was, which thus maliciously and cruelly interfered to torment men already victims of misfortune, I shall not take upon me to say. I trust, however, that, thus baffled in its mischievous intent, it may never again have power to harm these interesting objects of British good-will and protection.

The condition of the princes themselves, during this long and painful negotiation, was truly deplorable. Unaccustomed to bear up against misfortune, they were weighed down by the idea that fate was utterly adverse to

them, that they should never more see their families; and they even conceived the existence of some plot to deliver them up to the Persian authorities, in order that they might be sent to the Shah. This, of course, I treated as a mere wild chimera, unworthy of a moment's entertainment; but with regard to the inhumanity of the proceeding as it stood, I had no defence to make for that. "Ay," said the prince, "the Sultan eats, and drinks, and makes merry: he thinks not of those whom a word of his mouth now could make happy, and whom he keeps here in misery, cursing his very name. He goes every night to his harem, and has his women to comfort him and tend upon him; he little thinks of those who pine to meet wives whom for two years they have not seen. For two years, Saheb Fraser, no woman has smoothed my pillow, or shown me tenderness; and they, ah! where are they? God knows whether they are yet alive!—how they exist!—how they get bread to eat!"

But the mind cannot always entertain gloomy emotions. The beauty of the weather, and a longing for fresh air, tempted them

sometimes out of doors; and Timour got his gun in order, and they would cross the Bosphorus to shoot the waterfowl which they saw in the watercourses of the valleys opposite.

One day when I popped in upon them, as usual, at Yenekewy, I found them,—that is, the two younger and the servant,—busily employed in,—what do you think? why, roasting and eating *Ames damnées*—Anglicè, Damned souls! Timour had more than once recounted to me great exploits of his in the shooting way,—he had killed so many of a kind of duck: now ducks, that is, wild-ducks, are not over-plenty in the Bosphorus, and I knew that Timour never went far for his game; so I expressed a wish to see some of these same ducks, which they assured me were most excellent eating. This day I came in for the sight, and recognised my poor old friends, the restless birds of the Bosphorus that flit in great flocks to and fro, hurrying from the Black Sea to that of Marmora, and back, without any apparent motive, and never, as it is said, alighting on land or sea. It was these halcyon birds, by the French, for their rest-

lessness, called "*Les ames damnées,*" against which Timour had waged unhallowed war; these were his wild-ducks; and I saw him this day gloating over a pile of nine bleeding carcases, which he was preparing to add to the scrimp fare of Mahomed Nedeem Bey's dinner. He again assured me that they were excellent eating, and begged me to take a brace to present to the ambassador's lady.

When the permission, of which I have spoken, was at length obtained from the Porte, intelligence of it was immediately conveyed to the princes, who sent up the Wali, their man of business on all such occasions, to announce it to me. In accompanying him to the door, on his return, we passed through the apartment where the table was laid out for dinner. "*Ai Wahi, ai Wahi!*" said he, as he looked at the well-known apparatus; "this reminds me of London. Ah! when shall we see the like again!"

In the same manner, when the departure of their royal highnesses was supposed to be close at hand, and they were invited to dine at the palace with a sort of leave-taking party, the

poor prince bewailed himself grievously at the sight of all the luxuries and comforts of European life, which they were about to quit for ever. "Alas!" said he, "this is the last of English dinners that I shall see. Henceforth I must eat like a beast, with my fingers, or with one villanous wooden spoon among us three; and these (turning to Lady Ponsonby and the other ladies,) these are the last of such ladies I shall behold. Woe's me! woe's me! Tell her ladyship that my very heart turns to water at thinking I shall never see her more."—"Ah!" said the Wali, "Saheb Fraser, no more champagne: come, let us have one more glass now, at least."

In truth, the constant themes of their conversations at this time were either their hoped-for meeting with their families, or a recapitulation of the delights of London, and the happiness they had experienced there; and they would go over the names of the friends they had left there, particularly of the ladies, with an emphasis of expression that showed how much they felt. England and the English people had risen in their estimation every step they

had made away from it; for every step had brought a diminution of comfort, and attention, and importance; and the last step was worst of all. They had really imbibed a taste for European habits, and admired the cleanliness of our customs; they preferred using knives and forks, even when alone, to eating with their fingers, and got me to procure for them some pairs to use on the way. The prince himself used often to talk vaguely of coming again to England, and they all said they would come and visit me in Scotland. Timour would shoot grouse; and the Wali would go and see a certain lady-friend of his, whose home was in that country: but the prince talked more seriously, not of coming himself, but of sending his son, his well-beloved and favourite son,—he whose picture you may remember on his handsome dagger,—to have the advantage of an English education. "He would send him to my care," he said, "with one servant; he might be boarded near his friend and countryman, Meerza Ibrahim, who would superintend his studies;" and he entered into all the details of expense which such a

plan would involve, with as much earnestness as if it were actually determined on. Poor man! at least it was of use to wile away a heavy hour.

And they had many such yet to spend; their departure was not so near as might have been imagined. It is true that the consent was obtained, a mehmandar was appointed, and all the material points settled; but Turks do not move with rapidity, and the snail-paced progress of official business protracted forms and trifles from day to day till weeks passed away, and the heart once more became sick from hope deferred.

It was, I think, on the 17th of January that the acquiescence of the Porte in their desire of proceeding to Baghdad was announced to them; a mehmandar was appointed soon after, and yet it was the 3rd or 4th of February before they could manage to prepare the requisite firmauns and passports, just two months from the time of their arrival here. About the first or second days of that month, the weather, which had till then for the most part been fine, broke up with one of the most violent storms of wind

and snow I ever remember to have seen, which lasted with more or less fury for eight or nine days: during this time it would have been impossible for the princes to move; yet the preparations might, one would think, have gone on. It was not so, however: at last, on the 9th, when the weather moderated, the mehmandar called to say that he would not be ready to start till the fourth day forward, that is, on the 13th.

At this time their royal highnesses were subjected to another, and to them very serious inconvenience. The interpreter, Assad Khayât, who, to his praise be it spoken, had attended them alike as servant and companion, in comfort and distress, in weal and woe, with a patience and zeal which nothing could either weary or exceed, had been obliged by domestic events, after waiting six weeks in vain for their departure, to take his leave of them and return to his own home. This left them more than ever dependant on their remaining servants. During the distress attendant on the prince's illness at Galatz, where all the attendance possible was required, the man, of

whom I have made *dis*honourable mention as a convicted thief, was perforce taken into favour and employment, and he had continued to attend upon them ever since. What new ground of quarrel had arisen, I know not, but on going to Yenikewy one day, the prince informed me, with a sort of affected indifference, that Assad Oolla Khan had from his own good pleasure tendered his resignation, and had accordingly left the place. I inquired whether any cause had been assigned for this unexpected desertion. "What cause could such a *Kumbucht*—such an ungrateful wretch—have for leaving us when he knows we need him, but that he *is* a *Kumbucht?* He said to Timour Meerza there, that he knew very well we could never forgive him the faults he had been guilty of; that we only kept him on while we wanted his services, and would send him to the devil when we should have reached Baghdad: but he was resolved we should not play him this trick; and therefore he would leave us now, when he might make his way home easily: so he is gone. And now, Saheb Fraser," continued he,

his lip quivering with emotion, "we are, thanks be to God! alone. Not a man have I to send upon an errand if I were dying. Well, God is great!—it has been otherwise with me. But there, you see the Wali has turned pipe-cleaner for me; not a soul have we to give us a caleoon; for I would rather want it than to be always beholden to these *ghorum-saugs* of Turks, who seem as if they would spit in my face while they are serving me. *Khaneh abadeh Wali, zehmut Kesheedeed!*—prosperity to you, Wali; you have my thanks. God knows I needed it," added he, taking from the Wali's hand the caleoon, which he had actually cleaned and made ready for his brother with his own hands. Next day I found the Wali and Timour Meerza hard at work peeling walnuts, picking raisins, and preparing other ingredients for making a Persian stew of one or two of their old friends, the "Ames damnées," which they had plucked and cut up with their own princely hands for the purpose; they had no one to do it for them.

All this was most painful to me, as I saw how severely it affected the spirits of the elder

prince, although he tried to brave it out even when tears of wounded pride and self-compassion were standing in his eyes; and I felt it the more as it was totally out of my power to remedy the evil, for no servants were to be had at such a time. Persians were quite out of the question; and as for Turks, even had it been possible to procure persons worthy of confidence, they would not have suited the princes a bit better than those placed about them by their mehmandar. So patience again was the only cure; and a few days afterwards they were fortunate enough to procure a Persian servant from an uncle of theirs, Prince Allah Verdee Meerza, who had come to Constantinople a few weeks before, and whose presence had greatly contributed to their gratification.

Still, what with these *contretemps*, and the repeated and vexatious delays, the prince had lost all patience, and it became to me a positive pain to go there and listen to his bitter lamentations and complaints, to which I could neither offer reply nor consolation. To preach patience was useless, patience was long

since exhausted; and he would break out into torrents of abuse against the Sultan, the Reis-Effendi, and every Osmanlee in Turkey, and bequeath them his bitter curse for their heartless cruelty to him and to his brothers. Often did he say, "We are not surely prisoners! what have we done to lose our liberty? Oh God! for freedom, for freedom only! Let us but go, and we will travel barefoot; we want neither mehmandar, nor money, nor firmauns; all we want is to be put free upon the hill-side, and to make our way as best we can. To these ravings of a mind embittered by constant vexation and disappointment, there could of course be no reply. I permitted the passion to exhaust itself, and terminate, as it sometimes did, in tears; and then would make some quiet observation, such as that a day was not a month, and a week not a year: that, however slowly, it was plain things were going on, and must come to the desired point at last; and so on. But when on Sunday the 12th, on going to see them, I learned that the mehmandar had had the assurance to send another message, procrastinating once more the day

of departure, as I was assured, for his own purposes and convenience, and not for any business of the princes, I got myself into as good a passion as they themselves could desire, insomuch that they in their turn took the part of peace-makers, and tried to smooth me down. However, as their host Mahomed Nedeem Bey was in his house, I sent for him; and, as he understood Persian, told him my opinion of the other mehmandar's conduct; adding, that I should instantly return to the palace, and request Lord Ponsonby to direct an inquiry to be made into the causes of the delay.

This his lordship was kind enough to do; and the consequence was, that on Tuesday, the 14th February, I was awakened at seven in the morning by a message from the princes to say that the mehmandar had just sent to say he would be there in an hour to take them away; and that, if I did not come to them immediately, I should be too late to receive their, "*Khoda hafiz.*" This was, at last, an unexpected, though not, I must confess, an unwelcome hearing. I had been too much

harassed by all that had passed for the last few months to be anything but pleased at the business being brought to a termination; and, though I entertained a very sincere regard for the princes, I could not conceal from myself that the charge had become a burthen from which I must rejoice to be relieved. Yet who can part with those who have been associates and objects of solicitude for a considerable space of time without a pang of sorrow? There are ties that spring from the heart, and wind themselves about such objects, which must give pain when snapped. My connexion with these princes had been of no common kind; it had, indeed, been of a very mingled yarn, and anxiety and vexation had formed too great a share in it. Yet I felt that there was much sincere good-will and attachment on their side, as there was of warm and friendly interest on mine; nay, more,—an almost parental feeling, produced by the dependent helplessness of their situation: and as a wayward child is often the favourite of its parents, thus the little pettish frowardnesses under which I had frequently smarted, vanished before the re-

membrance of the many good and noble qualities which had in reality endeared them not only to me, but to all who knew them well. These were the thoughts that filled my mind as I threw myself into a boat, and rowed fast to Yenikewy for the last time! The mild dignity and affectionate kindness of the elder prince, the rough but kindly oddity of the Wali, my first acquaintance, and the frank and open-hearted warmth of the gallant Timour Meerza, were all present to my mind; and a lump, I do confess it, rose in my throat as I thought "I shall see them all no more!"

A short while brought me to their door: there they were in their travelling attire, *shulwars, kulejeh,* and all, in high spirits; the Wali a most comical figure, with the skirts of all his garments stuffed into his wide breeches. They all flocked about me open-mouthed, to rejoice over their immediate departure, and to pour out their thankfulness that God had at last granted them the hope at least of revisiting their families. But then came the parting, and their spirits fell. I hate such scenes, and cannot describe them: they

were affected sincerely, I believe; and the elder prince turned away to conceal an emotion which I certainly participated in myself. They charged me with thousands of kindnesses to their friends in England, at Bucharest, at the palace,—bushels of letters they had given me before: they embraced me *à-la-mode de Perse,* commended me to the care of God, received from me a like and very sincere adieu, and I left them. By nine o'clock I was back in my chamber at the palace.

Thus terminated my intercourse with these princes; and, in spite of my regard for them, I must say that now, for the first time these several months, I breathed freely. I even felt lighter as I sprung up the stair to my chamber; and fervent was the prayer of thankfulness which I ejaculated when I reached it, and sat down for a moment to think on all that had passed.

I had now completed my task, and fulfilled my duty to the best of my power and means: the time expended had far exceeded that which had been contemplated when I set out; there now only remained to lose no more, but

to make the best of my way homewards. The rest of this day was devoted to arrangements for departure; and at night I took leave, with a full heart, of those to whose most hospitable kindness I had been indebted for rendering the last two months a period of enjoyment instead of gloom; for, however many might be the causes of vexation and disappointment during that period, from them I was ever sure of finding sympathy and aid.

I take it, that, as we advance in life, the principle of *radication* becomes more powerful; at all events, the process of uprooting is more painful: for my own part, so tired am I of change, that when chance leaves me for even a month or two unexpectedly in one place, I feel myself rapidly striking roots, which, when the time of removal comes, it is most distressing to tear up; and thus it was at Therapia. With a thousand motives for terminating my stay there, and hastening homewards, I felt myself at length putting forth fibres of attachment, which, nourished by the dew of kindness, became too vigorous to be snapped without a sharp pang: and when hereafter I

think, as often I surely shall do, of the fair banks of the Bosphorus,—the pleasant social walks that I have taken there, the lonely saunters, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and the delightful evenings which closed the careful day, will come upon my mind as one of the green spots "on memory's waste" that cheer the retrospect of a chequered life, when the fretting annoyances that sometimes ruffled the surface shall long have passed away.

LETTER XII.

"AND how," you ask, "did I effect my retreat from this land of delay and disease, after bidding adieu to my kind entertainers and friends?" Why, by the only mode left me, since the steamer had ceased to ply between the mouth of the Danube and the Bosphorus,—namely, posting it with a Tatar, a method of progress which formed too strong a contrast to my late life of bodily comfort and repose to be particularly agreeable.

When on my last journey homeward from this place, I dismounted from my jaded Turkish nag, at the door of a little German inn at Belgrade, after a ride of seven hundred and fifty miles in six days, the last ninety-six of which within twelve hours, I said, while patting the animal's reeking neck, "Get thee gone, poor devil! and mayest thou be the last of thy

sort I shall ever bestride on such an errand!" Yet "who can control his fate!" Here was I, not quite two years after this fervent deprecation, engaging with another Tatar for nearly the same undertaking, and from the same starting-place; and, though not so imperatively bound to speed as on the former occasion, still influenced by sufficient motives to proceed without letting the grass grow under my feet.

Among these motives may be mentioned, first, a desire to make up for the long detentions I had suffered hitherto; and, secondly, a wish to pass as quickly as possible through a country known to be much infected with plague. Not a village on the south of the Balcan could be considered safe, and I purposed making a stout push from the first to cross them, entering on my way into as few dwellings as might be practicable in the state of the season and the weather.

This consideration of avoiding contagion had a great share also in guiding my choice as to a line of route. The great road by Adrianople was regarded as more dangerous in this

respect than other parts; and Adrianople itself had suffered severely, and was still suffering much from plague. So I preferred the road by Kiurk-Klissia and Bourgos, which would take me not only through a safer, but also through a new country, and enable me to see much of the shores of the Black Sea, and the regions bordering it from Bourgos Bay to Kustanjee.

At first it was my intention to have dispensed with that consequential and expensive appendage, a Tatar; and to trust to a servant who knew the Turkish and Bulgarian languages perfectly, to get me horses on the way. But considering that my route was rather a new and unfrequented one, where an official armed with authority might be useful, I resolved, by way of precaution, to take a Tatar; a measure which, in the sequel, I had abundant cause to rejoice at.

Accordingly, at a little after five P.M. of the 19th February, after dining with my excellent friend the consul-general, and discussing a bottle of his no less excellent Burgundy, I crossed the "Golden horn," and soon found

myself astride on the back of a Turkish poster, a class of the genus *équus* for which I profess to have more respect than liking.

"Once more upon the *Beggee*,* yet once more!
And the beast sinks beneath me like a jade,
That dreads the work before it!"

Dark fell the evening as we trotted past the gloomy old walls of Stambol, and clattered over the causeway that traverses the great burying-ground. And so bitterly did the wind blow as we passed the barracks of Daood Pasha, that I was forced to don my sheep-skin coat in order to keep myself from being frozen with the cold.

The long, long fifty miles to Sillivria we completed by a quarter before four in the morning of the 20th; but the fierce wind had given me such a headache that, as we dismounted, I fell on the bench before the post-house door, and was thankful to have rather better than two hours' rest before the fresh horses were brought to carry us to Chorlee. The wind blew a hurricane during this stage of thirty-six miles, so that my headache increased; the

* *Beggee* is the Turkish name for their post-horses.

muscles of my legs and thighs, too, had become painful from the severe exertion after long disuse: so, as I was not riding for life or death, I resolved to remain here till the headache, or the wind, should cease, and I could proceed in greater comfort.

I took possession of a miserable empty hole attached to the post-house, which had no other recommendation than that of being free from all sort of furniture or matting that could retain or communicate infection. Wood is a non-conductor; so, getting the wretched floor swept free from dust, I threw upon it the hair-cloth sack which, being also a non-conductor, I took with me instead of a carpet to lie upon; and there, with a "Mackintosh" pillow under my head, I took up my quarters till about two in the morning of the 21st, when, the headache having taken its departure, and the tempest given place to a calm clear sky, we mounted, and rode merrily over the monotonous plain of Chorlee to Bourgos, distant eight hours, or thirty-two miles.

Here we left the great road, and struck across the country for eight hours more, to

Kiurk-Klissia, which we reached by four in the afternoon; but hearing that the next stage was a long one of fourteen hours, or fifty-six miles over very bad road and difficult country, which in the dark might be dangerous, I determined upon waiting here till midnight, when the moon should rise.

Kiurk-Klissia, as it is commonly called, and written in the maps, is supposed to take its name from the Turkish word *Kiurk*, forty, and Klissia (ecclesia) a church,—that is, the forty churches; and, while on the spot, I inquired whether there were any of the number, or their remains, still extant. But a respectable Greek inhabitant told me that it was all a mistake; that there never had been forty, or even one church of note here; and that the name in reality was not Kiurk-*Klissia*, but Kiurk-*Kinsee*, or the forty *nobodies*, which he said, had reference to some Turkish saying, or expression, the application of which I am ignorant.

It is a large town; I counted ten minarets of mosques; but it has been desolated by the

plague. I observed multitudes of fresh graves in every burying-ground, and understood that the mortality had been very great, particularly in the lower mehelehs, or divisions of the place: indeed, fresh graves were abundant wherever there was the appearance of population. I lodged in the house of a respectable Greek, where I dined on pillaw and the broth of a fine turkey, which my Tatar got for twelve piastres, or two shillings and sixpence (twice or thrice its real value,) and boiled to serve for provisions on the road.

Whether it was the turkey, or the previous day's journey, that acted as a soporific on the Tatar, I cannot say; but instead of starting, as proposed, at midnight, he did not get the horses ready till four in the morning of the 22nd. His excuse was the dreaded badness of the road, which turned out, as usual, to be no excuse at all. On the last part of the stage from Bourgos we had entered a region of brushwood, and passed through a fine valley full of old sycamores, walnuts, and various sorts of fruit-trees, with abundant vestiges

of former habitations, though all is now waste. There was little cultivation, and no people visible.

On leaving Kiurk-Klissia we commenced ascending a succession of low-spread hills, with rocky tops, until we attained a considerable altitude. Their sides, as we advanced, became covered with forests either of low and shrubby bushes or trees of tolerable growth, but few of great size; and through such country we travelled, sometimes at a smart gallop, and never very slowly, for better than fifty miles; when, descending into a deep valley, we popped down upon Faaki, a large Bulgarian village, situated in a sort of punch-bowl hollow, at half past two in the afternoon.

Here there were no horses to be had; a Russian officer having passed just before my arrival, on the way to Karnabat, had taken every animal that was in the post-house: so we were obliged perforce to remain here till others could be got. A lodging was assigned me in the house of one of the chiefs of the village; a very poor affair it was: but the people were obliging, and swept a place clean for

me by the fire, on which I stretched my hair mattress, and stowed my luggage.

A number of the villagers came flocking about the door, women as well as men, and, as they wore no veils, I had a full view of their faces, some of which were pretty enough. One, who was weaving a web before the door under a sort of verandah, had only been married a month, as they told me; she looked as if she had been so for several years. All the rest had distaffs in their hands, and a pretty and classical look enough, as they spun their flax, when you did not descend to a too particular examination.

The handkerchief with which they bind their heads, and which, gathered in a knot behind, floats gracefully down the back, gives them an air which the coarseness of the rest of their apparel cannot take away. They wear a profusion of necklaces and ornaments in silver, coral, &c. strung so as to lie upon and cover the throat and upper part of the breast; and the hair, escaping on each side behind the ears, is filled with coins and silver ornaments. The young girls stick also some flower, or a

sprig of myrtle, on one side of the head, which hangs down very gracefully. They wear armlets and rings of silver; and behind, from the hair on either side, depends a long string of silver or copper coins, which reaches almost as low as the knee: but the bosom is covered with a hideous thick coarse sort of jacket of brown or blue stuff, bound tight over it; and below this they wear a belt of leather, or embroidered stuff, like carpet, embracing the waist from the breast to the loins, from whence flows a petticoat, generally blue, with a flounce some twenty inches deep, of the same coloured and worked worsted fabric.

The worst part of their costume is a species of band which they wind round the ankles, and which gives them a swollen appearance, deforming what otherwise would often be a very pretty figure. There was one tall slender girl in particular, who, though her features were not regularly beautiful, had an arch and winning expression that was very pleasing; and who, with a spice of rustic coquetry, threw herself into the prettiest attitudes possible as she twirled her distaff and spun her thread.

As I sat sketching them as well as I could, —for it was like trying to catch the form of a flitting cloud,—I observed a little whispering going on among them apart; and then one came timidly forward, and threw a handkerchief either on my knee or arm, I forget which, and then retired to a little distance. Upon inquiring of my servant what the meaning of this manœuvre might be, he told me that it was a mode they had of soliciting from strangers a small present. Five or six of the women then stood up in a row, and, holding each other by the girdle, interlacing their arms in a peculiar way,* they commenced singing a song, to the music of which they moved, rather than danced, with a gentle sway from side to side, slowly, but in perfect time. There was little of grace or elegance in the performance; yet it was pleasing nevertheless. They sang, first in Turkish, and then in Bulgarian. Song the first was on rather a strange subject for ladies,—it was in praise of the wine-shops of Adrianople,—truly Anacreontic, no doubt; those of the other songs I did not

* See Frontispiece to this volume.

hear. When they had done, I wrapped a gold piece, called a yermilick, (20 piastres,) value about four shillings, in the handkerchief, and returned it to the donor, which I understood to be the customary manner of giving my present: on which, away they all ran off with it to see what it was; and great was the rejoicing at the sight of the gold, as the sum generally tendered by the natives does not exceed three or four piastres. They then went to the Tatar, and, after performing towards him the same ceremonies, they all returned to their several occupations.

I was informed that the plague had not come to Faaki, which is in what is called the Little Balcan; and, moreover, that none of the villages from hence to the shore of the Black Sea had been visited by it,—a blessed exemption if true. It had stopped, they asserted, at Kiurk-Klissia. I certainly saw but few fresh graves about the place.

When we all retired to rest at night, my host, in spite of my remonstrances, lighted a huge fire in the corner of the hut; and whether from the heat, or the tea I had taken

after dinner, I know not, but no sleep visited my eyes all night; so that it was without any reluctance that I complied with the Tatar's call to "mount and go" at one o'clock in the morning of the 23rd, by a fine cold frosty moonlight. We rode through forest, across the remaining part of the Little Balcan, for four Turkish hours; at the end of which we descended to a far lower level, at a miserable village named Karajolder. Here we exchanged the horses we had brought from Faaki, and which were only the *retour* ones from Karnabat, for fresh ones, which were to carry us to Bourgos. We had seen from the heights the sea gleaming in the moonlight, and imagined that, on our completing our descent, we should find ourselves upon its shore; but it turned out to be much more distant than we thought, for we rode for a weary six hours through low rising grounds of dwarf oak and brushwood, and skirted along a shallow lake, or back-water, which runs from the bay for from twelve to fifteen miles inland, and is bordered by extensive marshes.

At length we issued from the brushwood

upon a sandy beach which runs along the bay, separating it from large marshy tracts, and on which we rode to Bourgos. These marshy tracts, and lagoons, or back-waters, are formed by the *débouche* of streams which, running from the mountains, seek vent to the sea in various little bays and hollows on the coast. The strong surf which beats upon the beach throws up a bank of sand and gravel, and prevents the escapé of the water, which, thus pent up, spreads over the low bottoms of the valleys behind, converting them into morasses or lakes; and these, accordingly, form a marking feature in the whole coasts of the Black Sea. It is the same with the southern banks of the Caspian Sea; and the scenery here occasionally reminded me of my travels along some parts of that fine lake.

The Bay or Gulf of Bourgos, which may be thirty miles in depth, is open to the eastward; and therefore, when the wind blows from that quarter, cannot be safe for shipping: but it has smaller bays and corners, which are secure at all times. Among these are Sizeboli and Atia; the former is at the south point of the

gulf, and would be open to the north wind but for a large island which lies before it in that quarter. Here the Russian squadron lay for more than six weeks during the invasion of Turkey in 1828-9; but I was told by an old fisherman that four of the large vessels lay in Atia, which is a larger and better bay, further in than that of Sizeboli, and open only to the north-north-west, from which quarter the wind can only blow across the head of the gulf, and consequently can raise no sea. The anchorage ground is also better for holding. I attempted to visit Sizeboli by rowing across the gulf, but the wind freshened so much that I could not make it out with the very rude and unsafe boats to be had here.

There being nothing to detain me at Bourgos, I got horses, and rode to the village of Ashellon, about twelve miles further on. It is built upon a point running out into the sea, and is inhabited by fishers. Our road to it lay for the most part along narrow spits of sand, separating the lagoons from the sea. On some of these lagoons are salt-works belonging to government. At Ashellon, after considerable

delay, we obtained a comfortable konak in the house of a Greek fisherman and merchant, who, to judge by the internal appearance of his dwelling, must have been a thriving trader. He offered me dinner if I required it; but having made a meal at Bourgos, on some of the good things put up for me by my friends at Constantinople, I contented myself with a cup of chocolate, in which my host participated with evident satisfaction. We were again assured that neither here nor at Bourgos, nor indeed in any village of the bay, had the plague made its appearance; and, although there had been regular and frequent communication with Kiurk-Klissia, no evil consequences had ensued from that intercourse. I saw few fresh graves, so that probably the information was correct.

At two in the morning of the 24th, we were on horseback; and a smart ride of about sixteen miles took us by five o'clock to Missewri, or Messembria, a very wretched ruinous village, situated, like Ashellon, upon a high rocky point. At this miserable hole neither horses nor a lodging were to be had; the former had all been taken for government service, so that

there was no chance of getting any; and, as a *pis-aller*, we made inquiry for a boat to take us to Varna. Fortunately, as we then thought, there was one just starting; and, having bargained to exclude all other passengers, we embarked ourselves, our luggage and riding-gear, on a small vessel called a *beche*, of about one thousand okes, or two thousand seven hundred pounds' burthen, and a crew of, I think, six men.

It was about half-past seven of a lovely morning that we started with a fair but scanty wind, which soon ceased to fill our two lateen sails; and then we took to rowing, by which we made but poor progress. The shore for a considerable way resembled much that which we had already passed; but as we approached the range of the Greater Balcan, or Mount Hæmus, which terminates in a fine bluff headland called Emina Bournou, (or cape,) the mountains abruptly descending to the sea caused the sandy beach to give way to a bold precipitous coast. Still there was little of magnificent, and less of cheerful scenery. The aspect of the country is sad; in colour one

unvarying brown, which wearies and disgusts the eye. The mountains are covered with low coppice-wood, and present scarred or rocky faces to the sea: but there are no grand cliffs, or imposing forms; and the beach, if such it can be termed, is formed of great fragments of rock fallen from above, which have all the appearance of being lashed with great violence when the wind blows on shore. Emina Bournou is the only exception to the uninteresting character of the coast. It is a fine bold headland; and near to it, upon a lofty cliff, stands a convent dedicated to St. Nicholas.

About sunset, the crew being wearied with rowing, we came-to at a spot about halfway to Varna, where it was resolved to wait the rising moon, and the breeze which was expected to spring up along with it. We remained accordingly; but, in place of the breeze, came a thick small rain, terminating in a heavy shower, which gave us a hearty wetting. At last the wind did come however, and away we went; but scarcely had we made five miles of distance, when it fell again, and the boatmen put into a sandy nook, to wait for morning,

and refresh themselves at a fire which they made on shore. Though the night was not the most agreeable, it was a fine picturesque Salvator-like scene that group rejoicing in the blaze of a huge bonfire kindled in an oak-wood, overhung with rocky heights, and with the dark waters heaving and dashing languidly beneath; and I have seen the day when I should have much enjoyed it. But increase of years make us more sensible to the loss of comfort and the disappointment of delay, and less eager to purchase the excitements of imagination at their expense. Strange how our feelings alter with advancing life, yet leave behind a savour of the past! I remember well with what keenness I enjoyed full many a wild expedition in the forests and savannahs of Guiana, and on the moon-lit seas of the Western Indies. I still recall with delight my long and various Indian travels, and the enthusiasm of interest which gave a charm to many a toilsome and dangerous night-march in Khorasan. Something of the same elation still remained on my second trip to that remote country, to lighten the toil of a Tatar

journey, and the discomforts of an Arab tent. —But now, can I say that I covet the same toils, or would again willingly expose myself to the same discomfort and risk?—I fear me, no: duty alone—imperative duty—would now start me afresh; and that with no good-will. Last night, as we rode along, the sun was casting his setting beams upon the brown rising ground and distant hills; near us was a waving tract of cultivated land, with a flock of sheep grazing on the stubble as they went slowly homewards, followed by a shepherd dressed in the skins of some slaughtered members of his flock:—the whole scene, with the village in the distance, recalled to me so strongly the evening of a march in Persia, as to raise a strange and mingled feeling which I scarcely could define. There was in it the vivid recollection of the past, when far away from home, yet high in hope and fixed in purpose, I pursued researches in foreign lands with a delight that is now gone by; and there was regret for those aspirations of the unbroken spirit, which like the dead, when once gone, return no more,—for the buoyancy of

youth for ever departed. For, though the scene had struck a chord of memory which vibrated through the heart, I felt that were the question put upon honour, "Would you willingly again undertake such journeys?" the answer would be, "No!—the time for hard labour is passed, I have had my share of it; and duties less arduous, with rest, and the recollection of what has been, are all to which I now aspire."

The night was cold, and the morning of the 25th was colder, and dull as lead. We started at sunrise, and rowed on till flaws of wind arose; which, after baffling us for some time, settled about noon into a steady and favourable breeze. Cape, cliff, and valley's mouth were slowly passed in succession, till at length the force of oar and sail brought us to the landing-place of Varna about three in the afternoon. I immediately sent the Tatar to see what could be done towards forwarding us at once, by providing us with post-horses; but in this he was not very successful. He found the pasha at the custom-house, who, on learning my arrival, insisted upon ordering me

a konak, and on my remaining to visit him in the morning. This was a most unwelcome attention, as it quite prevented my proceeding, as I wished to have done, in the evening; but there was no help for it. My friend, Rustum Bey, was not now here; he had gone to Bucharest; and so, having none to plead my cause, (for a Tatar will never remonstrate with a pasha) I was forced to retire quietly to my konak.

This was, as usual, in the house of a Greek, and very comfortable. The owner, a jolly stout man, made me welcome as it seemed, though in a rough way, to everything; and there was a queer little girl of six, not pretty, but yet a fine child, who kept creeping in and out like a little tame mouse, staring at me with its great black eyes with a pleasant familiarity, but never approaching me closely, which was quite as well; for neither in person nor in habits was it as cleanly as could have been wished. It seemed among other things to take great pleasure in picking off the dirty black grease that adhered to the snuffers and candlestick, and plastering it over its hands.

I thought how —— would have been horrified at the sight. After a frugal supper of rice and milk broth, pillaw and some milk, with two or three eggs, I took up a recumbent position, in the good man's bed; but, as they did not think of giving me clean sheets, I thought it as well not to put off my clothes. He seemed to be a careless sort of person for a Greek; for I found a purse with a good deal of money in the bed when I was preparing it, and afterwards another hoard beneath the pillow, all which he had thus abandoned to my mercy.

Next morning the 26th, I was up with the sun, in hopes that the pasha might issue from his harem, as he sometimes does, at an early hour. But there was no such luck for me; for, as if to plague me, he came forth rather later this day than usual. He was extremely civil; but nothing passed which might not have been made the subject of a courteous message, and I should have saved more than twelve hours by it. Breakfast—a few hard eggs and tea—being over, and the horses—miserable jades—being produced, we

started at eleven o'clock, and, ascending the heights that bound the valley of Varna on the north, found that we had only reached the natural level of the country, the soil of which was a fat black loam resting on a lighter subsoil, which again lay on limestone beds. There was a good deal of cultivation, and of dwarf oak forest.

While riding along, the Tatar, Allee Aga by name, broke his customary silence to ask me whether I had ever heard of sugar being made from beet-root? I replied that I had, and that it was manufactured to a considerable extent in France, but I believed was not highly esteemed. "I believe so indeed," replied he; "yet here is Sultan Mahmood setting to work to make it in Turkey. He has heard of the thing, and has given a man two thousand piastres a month (twenty pounds) to take charge of the manufacture; and they have already begun to sow the beet-root seed here, about Varna. Turks make sugar! *Mashallah!* He set them to make cloth, and pretty stuff they make; it will be the same with this sugar concern."

"Yes," replied I; "the Sultan is fond of

introducing European habits and improvements, and often makes the attempt without considering whether they are fitted for his subjects, or they for them; and this is one which they are not fit for. It might be better if he would encourage his rayahs to cultivate wheat and barley, and silk, and oil, and opium; he would increase their riches and his own too. But what is his practice. The government takes the Rayah's grain at a fixed low price, which the pashas and governors lower still more to secure a profit to themselves; or, to avoid this, the farmers are forced to bribe their rulers high, so that they are not paid for the labour of cultivating: how then can they have heart or spirit to cultivate the ground? no wonder it lies waste; for who would plant for another to gather? But, on the other hand, let the Sultan give his rayahs free liberty to seek their own market,—to sell to French, English, Italians, or any who may require their produce, and who would bring them as much cloth, and sugar, and other things, as were required, in return; and see how fast cultivation will increase. That is the way for

him to make cloth and sugar. Every man would then become rich, and well able to pay customs and taxes, so that the treasury of the Sultan would soon be filled. You heard what the man said at Bourgos: the grain of eight districts is brought there to the government stores at a fixed price, for exportation to the capital; and thus it is in other quarters."

"Hah!" replied Allee Aga, with a grim smile, "all you have said is true; but," patting his forehead very significantly, "he has not got it here, — it is not here!" In the course of some further talk about the monopolies and prohibitions which are the bane of agriculture and commerce in Turkey, and which my friend, Allee Aga, seemed quite to understand the mischief of, I told him the story of the boy and the goose which laid a golden egg a day, as illustrative of the effects of the false policy which we were conversing about. The Tatar seized the application with great readiness, and exclaimed with much earnestness, "Aha! you have said it; Sultan Mahmood kills the bird, and loses both it and its eggs."

It is very interesting to learn the feelings of the people among whom you travel. When occasion offers,—and it is always worth while attempting to instill into their minds a few such obvious truths, — it is of service, for it spreads; and, though its effect may not extend to high quarters, it tends to open the eyes of the working classes to their own interests, and will gradually work for good.

Five hours' riding took us to Baltjuk, twenty-four miles distant from Varna: a strange and sorry place it was, lying among a parcel of earthy cliffs above a bay looking south-south-east, surrounded with a multitude of tombs in old burying grounds, but little of anything to cheer the living. Here we were forced to wait three hours for horses, during which we were entertained with an excellent dinner by a very gentlemanly young Turk, who had been one of the Sultan's body-servants. Thus it was seven in the evening before we mounted; and we had not proceeded more than three or four hours, when the load-horse having fallen three times, and being

quite unable to go on, we halted at a small knot of houses to get another.

This was one of several clusters very widely scattered, which formed a kind of village, and consisted of from half-a-dozen to a dozen of low thatched huts, standing, as if dropped by accident, in the deep mud of the surrounding country. That which we entered was full of strange-looking creatures all stretched in sleep upon the floor; and we added to their number for full four hours, during which we were detained, first for a horse, and then by a heavy fall of rain. We then mounted, and rode towards Mangalia, a village further on upon the banks of the sea.

Our route lay across undulating downs of fat black earth, and of the most uninteresting character possible. Every foot of land, it is true, was capable of producing abundantly; and we saw many patches of cultivation, with groups of houses scattered at random upon the surface. But all was dreary grey or brownish yellow, for there was scarcely a tree to be seen; and the face of the country reminded me of some of the worst of our endless

tracts of grey moss in the highlands of Scotland, although, in reality, there is no similarity of soil between the two. We reached Mangalia about nine on the morning of the 27th. This place, which in ancient times was a port of some consequence, (according to D'Anville,) is now a very wretched village, consisting of a few Bulgarian huts, with some families of Turks in the employment of government. It stands on the shore of the sea, close to a lagoon formed by a stream which here has its debouch; and we rode over a stone causeway, which crosses the lagoon, to get at it.

This route is so little frequented that we could scarcely hope to find a sufficiency of horses in the post-houses; and here we were forced to take a cart for the baggage and another for ourselves, instead of riding-horses, and for these we had to wait three hours: it was our first change from the usual posting system. As I took my seat in the baggage cart, a miserable concern drawn by two most sorry beasts, I could not help anticipating a tumble; while the charioteer, sensible of the

fragility of his turn-out, proceeded but slowly: yet all could not prevent my attention from being attracted to the singular country through which we were travelling. Not a tree, not a house, not an object, reared itself in any quarter above the surface of the ground, which rising and falling in a succession of endless downs, like the waves of a lazy sea, confined our horizon for the most part to a very small range. The only things that redeemed the scene from utter lifelessness, was an occasional flock of sheep with their shepherd,—a strange figure, clad in skins with the wool outside, looking just like a great ram reared upon end, or lying down among his flock undistinguishable almost from the creatures that composed it. Our Surajee, or guide, was a Cossack thus clad; but he turned the leather side of his cloak out, and looked rather the wilder for it. In fact, we were now approaching the confines of a district inhabited almost entirely by Tartars of the Nogai race, and which is known by the name of Dobrudska Tartary. There seems reason to suppose that these Tartars have existed here a long time, for the district they in-

habit was formed into a particular province by Constantine; and its capital, Tomi, the scene of Ovid's banishment, is now called Baba or Baba Dagh. These people are, at this day, as uncouth as it is possible to imagine in their habits and appearance; so that, although actually in Europe, and little more than a hundred miles from civilized creatures, we might, so far as regards what was immediately around us, have been travelling in the steppes of Tartary, or in the Desert of the Toorkomans.

Their country is principally pasture, and they employ themselves more in breeding horses and cattle, and feeding sheep, than in agriculture; although about Baba Dagh, the residence of their chief, there is, I believe, a good deal of corn cultivated. At this season the country wears a peculiarly bleak and dreary aspect, from the total absence of vegetation, and the rare occurrence of either human beings or habitations. Yet in the midst of these wastes it was striking to observe many ancient burying-grounds, with their stones all grey or green from the effects of

time, telling of by-gone generations where now not an abode of man is to be found. These mementoes of the transitory nature of all human things meet our eye wherever we go.

We had made about four hours' progress, and had reached a village upon a lagoon, called, I think, Toozkewy, from a salt-work with which it is connected, when our charioteer and guide both became anxious to come-to, instead of proceeding on to Kustanjee, where, they said, we should arrive too late to get quarters. The Tatar leant to the same arrangement; to which I acceded, not for the reasons they gave, but because I was desirous to see and examine the country between this place and Kustanjee by daylight. Accordingly, we alighted at the house of an honest Turk, who gave us what he had with good-will, and whose public room, or *Selâmlik*, served to lodge *Tchelebee*, Tatar, Surajee, and all; but it was clean and comfortable, and he gave us some very eatable things to dinner.

At half-past three on the next morning (the 28th) we started for Kustanjee; but made a bad set-out, breaking down before we

were a mile from the village. I tumbled out without being hurt; and taking one of the horses, while my servant took the other, we left the Tatar to bring on the broken cart, and set off by ourselves for Kustanjee, which was in sight upon a point at about twelve miles' distance. Crossing the lagoon by a narrow bank of sand, we came to waving downs again, and proceeded along the summit of an earthy cliff varying from fifty to a hundred feet in height above the sea. On approaching the place, we observed on its south side the remains of what appeared to have been ancient fortifications, consisting first of two ditches, and a green mound between them like a wall. A number of square blocks of stone, which turned out to be white marble, were scattered about upon the edge of the outer ditch. At first I imagined they belonged to a burying-ground; but such was not the fact. Beyond this there was much broken ground, which might have once been part of the works, and numerous blocks of marble were lying about. In a ravine, which divided the cliff above the sea, there were several remains of ancient

buildings, as well as in a deep ditch which led into it. Capitals, and other pieces of columns, were lying in and about both.

Over this ditch we passed through what had obviously been a gateway, from the blocks of stone level with the ground, yet holding firmly together, and the pieces of pavement still sound, and of excellent construction. The direction of some streets might also be traced from this point. On entering what had been the modern town of Kustanjee, we saw abundance of marble blocks, Corinthian capitals, and bits of shafts strewed around, or built into the walls of huts. Marble fountains were stuck in the ground, like huge mortars, and were used to pound things in; and ornamental pieces of carved work stared out from the rugged sides of the modern houses. Among such objects we made our way for some distance, passing a long low building, which had formed the Russian hospital in the last war against Turkey, now abandoned to ruin; and went on to our *konak* in the governor's house, where we obtained a decent apartment.

You may, perhaps, be disposed to ask what

was, and what is, this same place of Kustanjee, to which I have now introduced you? I fear I am not antiquary, or, perhaps, historian enough, to give you a very satisfactory reply to this natural question. It, no doubt, was a Roman town of some consideration in the time of the Emperor Trajan, for the remains of a wall are extant which he built from the river Danube to the sea, at this place, in order to repress the incursions of the Northern barbarians. Of this wall I will speak more anon. The name of the town, at that time, I know not; but that it received the appellation of Constantiana, from Constantine, and was a maritime city of considerable importance in his time, we learn from D'Anville, who identifies Constantiana in the Turkish appellation of Kustanjee.

That it was a place of no small importance, probably a favourite residence of some provincial governor, is also rendered likely from the remains still to be traced of solid and ornamental buildings, and the quantity of marble still lying scattered about, even after the removal of vast quantities to other places, all of

which must have been brought from a distance. That it was a place of commerce, is clear, from the remains of two large moles, forming a safe and considerable harbour, which are still visible, and even useful to ships at the present day; and the vestiges of former cultivation and population in the vicinity of the walls, announce that it was probably the centre of a well-inhabited district.

While waiting for the Tatar's arrival, I went out to look at the place, and the following was the result of my observations:—The town appears originally to have occupied the whole of a promontory which projects into the sea, and which consists of earth resting on a bed of yellow shelly limestone rock, which crops out almost level with the waters of the sea, and is the only rock I observed in the vicinity. The extent of this promontory is considerable, but I had no means of estimating its superficial contents; probably, the length, from what I considered the gate of the ancient city to the furthest point projecting into the sea, might be three-quarters of a mile. The whole circuit presents a scarped face, and has, at one

time, been surrounded by a very substantial wall of stone and lime. This is now entirely demolished, but both the crown of the scarp, and the slope itself, are covered with blocks of stone; and an immense quantity of the same *débris* lies at its foot, and in the water all around. Marble, as I have said, abounds everywhere; shafts, pedestals, and head-ornaments of columns, basins, cornices, and fragments of friezes, were met with at every step. In some places were considerable remains of building, evidently very ancient and extremely solid; and I thought I could trace out the sites of several temples on the elevated points of the promontory.

At the southernmost point, where the rock comes above the surface of the sea, is seen the remains of the ancient stone jetty, running out perhaps a hundred and fifty yards. It must have been very strong; and even now, though for the most part level with the water, serves to keep off the violence of the swell. The breakers, observed in the same direction to a still greater distance, indicated a further addition to the length of the mole, which, by

the people of the country, is attributed to the Genoese. Opposite, from a point on the mainland west of this mole, may be seen the remains of another pier or quay, which ran out to meet that at the south point, and which thus formed a moderately-sized but secure harbour. But the most astonishing thing was the enormous quantity of squared and other masses of stone, which formed, as it were, a beach to the scarp of the cliff. The old Turk who went with us to show the lions, assured me that enough of these stones had been removed to Issakchee, Toolchee, Ibrailoff, Sillistria, and other places, to build a dozen cities. "Never," said he, "had there been seen so many ready-made stones collected together in the world!" and certainly there appeared to be enough remaining to construct a good solid wall and city, where they had been already used for that purpose: yet the greater part, if not the whole, of these stones must have been brought from a great distance.

Nothing can be more complete than the ruin of the place as it now stood. The Turks had probably demolished it pretty completely

at first, but they had erected fortifications in their own fashion; and the Russians, when they invaded Turkey in 1828, found it strong enough to arrest their progress for some time. It was much shattered in the siege and capture by them; and after the peace of Adrianople, when they evacuated the place and the country, they put the finishing stroke to it by razing the walls so completely, that scarcely one stone remains upon another. The few remaining buildings are in utter decay, and there are not more than from twenty to thirty Turkish families inhabiting the place.

When Kustanjee fell, the Russians fixed their head-quarters there, and formed their first military line across the country from this point to the Danube, a distance of from thirty to forty miles, in the very course of Trajan's wall; having a camp at Karasu, about half-way, and another at Tchernevoda on the Danube. They occupied this position for thirty months, during which, of course, the country was scoured on every side, and every relic of antiquity that could be found was secured. I was assured that the quantity of

curious marbles, columns, ornaments, and, I suspect, even statues, which they sent away in their vessels, was incredible. Indeed, they left nothing worth removing behind.

After breakfast I rode out to look at the environs of the town, and to examine the vestiges of Trajan's wall. From a height to the north-west I could discern many cuts like canals, all nearly filled up; and the face of the country was covered with tumuli, and irregular heights, in all directions. The wall or line of Trajan is the same which had struck me as resembling an ancient work, when I entered the place. It consists of two ditches, having a high mound between them, with a smaller one on the outside of each, like a small glacis; and the profile or section of the work might occupy a space of one hundred and ten to one hundred and twelve yards. The outer wall or mound, where I saw it at first, might be ten feet in height from the ditch to its summit; and all was covered with smooth green turf.

This wall, at a short distance from the precincts of the town, branches into two, with its corresponding ditches; and each branch ter-

minates in a ravine, in the cliff that overhangs the sea. Beyond the point of division the line may be traced, running nearly straight in a western direction over height and hollow; and I found afterwards it was traceable in this manner all the way to the Danube. There is reason to suppose, from the quantity of blocks discovered, that part at least of these ditches and the wall had been revetted with stone; and the effect of rains washing the earth away, had given to view some buildings and chambers that must have been in the ditch itself. Below, near the sea, there was a building evidently antique, with fragments of marble basins and small domes.

The tradition of the Turks and natives of the place, respecting these vestiges of walls and ditches, is curious. They attribute the formation of them, not to the purpose of defence, but to that of bringing a branch of the Danube to the Black Sea at this place, I believe, with the view of supplying it with good water. They say, that when the work was nearly completed, by the orders of the Genoese chief or governor, (they called him *king*,) who

resided at the place, he went to see its progress, and seeing the chief engineer hurrying along in the ditch, he asked him when the water was to make its appearance. "It is now coming after me like a dog," exclaimed the engineer, who appeared desirous to get out of its way. But the water, affronted at being thus reproachfully spoken of, stopped short, then retreated, and never afterwards could be persuaded to advance again.

Having seen all that a cursory view could show us of Kustanjee, we got one cart and two horses as before, and two riding-nags, and took our way across the country towards the Danube, in the very line of Trajan's wall, by Karasu. Our way lay across waving downs of from fifty to one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and long low valleys separating them, till on our left appeared a deeper hollow, in which, as I was informed, ran the water of Karasu; and after a course of about five Turkish hours, or twenty miles, about sunset we reached a few wretched huts rejoicing in the appellation of Kewy Settlee, or the village of Settlee, where we got a better

lodging than was to have been expected from appearances, and came-to for the night. It is not far from a reedy pool or lake, one of many which are found in the course of the Karasu stream, and which give shelter to myriads of wild geese and ducks. Of these, and bustards, with partridges, and several other sorts of game, a skilful sportsman might get any given quantity; the most material part of our dinner, and an excellent one it proved, consisted of wild goose, dressed in more than one fashion.

Being desirous of seeing the features of the country, I did not start till broad day-light; when, after leaving the village a short way, I turned to the bed of the Karasu, to examine the remains of an old bridge which at one time crossed the stream. There was, however, no remains of building visible above ground or water; only loose stones, and causeway enough to show that a considerable work had once existed on the spot. We were informed that a prodigious quantity of stones had been removed from hence to various places. On a rising ground, about three hundred feet high above

the left bank of the stream, the appearances of walls and ruins were discernible, and I was informed that these were the remains of an ancient city. I would fain have examined it; but the distance was considerable, and the horse I rode so miserable, that I doubted much his ability to carry me half the stage. Time also pressed, so that I was forced to content myself with viewing these relics through my spying-glass. No doubt these are the remains of some ancient Roman city connected with this military *cordon* of Trajan, whose wall traverses its site, and was seen stretching over all the heights in the line towards the Danube.

Continuing our way across a weary succession of these downs, which somewhat increased in height, we at length entered a long winding valley, which brought us down upon that of the Karasu, near its *débouche* on the Danube, and at a small straggling village which is called Boghâz Kewy, (the village of the Mouth or *Débouche,*) or Tchernovoda: happy as I had been to leave that fine river, I did not think I should rejoice so much at

once more getting sight of its waters. My miserable brute of a horse came down like an empty sack just as I was trying to trot him into the village, and, in attempting to recover itself, rolled over on my left leg. I thought it was all over with me; but after a few struggles he lay still, until my servant came up and got him lifted a little, so as to set me free.

At this village we got breakfast and fresh horses, which, however, were only to carry us about four miles on, to Yenikewy, a Bulgarian village on another stream. While we were waiting for them, there came in to see us, among other persons, an old Turk named Osman Aga, who, I was assured, was one hundred and twenty years old; a fact which was proved by the number of Sultans he had known on the throne of Constantinople. He had seen Othman, I think, and all the others to Sultan Mahmood, inclusive; three of them had been murdered; two died a natural death; the present waits his fate,—and who shall prophesy what that may be?

Osman Aga has enjoyed such astonishing health, as never, till quite lately, to have felt

the infirmities of age. He yet could mount his horse without aid of his hands, and could ride it from Tchernovoda to Kustanjee, forty miles good, within the day. It is only this year he has found it inconvenient to go a-hunting; by which symptom, he says, he begins to know that he is growing old. All his faculties, except that of hearing, were quite perfect.

In our way to Yenikewy we passed through Trajan's wall, which meets the Danube at this point. It was on very high ground, and we could trace it for a long way back crossing the hills. It was here full twelve feet high from the ditch, which was filled up with frozen snow, but was far more perfect than at Kustanjee; the formation of the work, so far as could be distinguished, was the same as at that place.

Yenikewy was a small but thriving Bulgarian village: all the houses were neatly painted on the outside with yellow clay, and well thatched with reeds; and the one we entered was as clean within as the nicest English cottage, the bedding and household articles dis-

posed of in the most orderly way upon the matted benches or divans around the walls. But we had a sad fight for horses, and the Tatar was forced to use a little gentle violence in shape of some touches of his whip,—a most efficient means,—before the animals were produced; although they were only to carry us to Rassova, distant six miles. In fact, so difficult did it prove to get on by land,—the post establishment not reaching to these remote districts,—that we tried hard, though ineffectually, to hire a boat to take us up to Sillistria.

To Rassova at length we proceeded, and reached it at five in the evening, crossing one or two lagoons on our way, much such as those upon the sea-coast; with this difference, that the space dividing them from the river's bank is not sand or gravel, but clay or deep loam, through which the stream forming the lagoon cuts its way in a tolerably deep channel. Rassova proved to be a large and thriving Bulgarian village, built on the face of a hill overlooking the Danube, and opposite the low country of Walachia. The cleanness and trig appearance of the outside of its huts pro-

mised well for our quarters within; nor were we disappointed: its chief, a jolly Bulgarian farmer, with a good-humoured laugh worthy of an English Boniface, received us at once into his house, and gave us a very tidy, decent room, with coarse but comfortable fare. The whole *ménage* might have served as a model of cleanliness.

These people are only now recovering from the effects of the war between Turkey and Russia, in which they were about equally pillaged by both parties; most perhaps, they said, by the Turks: but the Russians, when they quitted the country, carried off all they could lay hands upon; so that the inhabitants, after losing all their stock of goods and cattle, are now beginning the world again. The whole country from Boghâz Kewy to Rassova was one scene of ruined gardens and vineyards, and corn-fields gone to waste; nor has cultivation as yet made any great progress towards recovery.

Our host declared the road to be so bad that he would not suffer us to proceed till daylight. There was a mill too, the miller

of which had a reputation not much better than the road; and the night was not the best season to pass it in safety. He proved to be right as to the road. We could scarcely have passed the stream that turned this mill, by night and unaided; for it required the help of a good many peasants, who were standing there with their carts as we passed, to enable us to cross it in the morning. As to the justice of our host's insinuations against the miller's character, we could say nothing; that functionary not having shown himself, or in any way interfered while near his premises. The mill itself is on the outlet of another large lagoon, which we saw running far into the country.

From the hollow of this lagoon we rose, and crossed a considerable range of heights; and proceeding for sixteen miles through a country, at present waste, but all bearing marks of former cultivation, reached Beylic, another Bulgarian village, as neat as the rest, where, until horses were brought, I was shown into a comfortable apartment. But, in sitting down upon a sort of divan, I almost *spoiled*

a pair of twin innocents, who lay huddled among a parcel of rags, on the very place where I was going to dispose of my person.

The Tatar, who for several days had been complaining of a severe headache, was here so ill that he could scarcely sit his horse, and could by no means make the customary fight for a change of steeds: we were consequently detained here three hours for them, during which time I amused myself by witnessing two curious scenes of strife. One was between two turkey-cocks, of which bird there are vast numbers kept in some of these villages. I had never seen such a combat before, and it was indescribably ludicrous. The tactics of the combatants seemed to consist in seizing each other by the gills or snout, and parading about solemnly, and with little appearance of violence, like a gentleman handing a lady in a party; but occasionally some kicks were interchanged, which, if the sound among their feathers might be trusted, smacked rather more of discourtesy and good earnest than was to be augured from the sobriety of the preliminary encounter. The fray, however, was

not permitted to come to extremities; for a matron,—the owner, I suppose,—rushing out from a neighbouring bothy, pounced upon the combatants, and, whisking one of them up under her arm, bestowed a hearty kick upon the other, and thus terminated the battle.

The other was a dispute of a different sort. Just as the horses were ready, and we were about to mount, a tall middle-aged, but still rather good-looking woman, came forward, and addressed the party with much vivacity, and, kindling as she spoke, began evidently to slide from remonstrance into abuse; yet there was a touch of pride and haughtiness in her bearing that prevented the appearance of vulgarity.

I understood that two or three of the horses furnished to us were hers, taken by authority or force, and that she was abusing the Tatar and village chief, who had been the authors of this oppressive act. The contrast between her violence, and the imperturbable indifference of Allee Aga, who smoked his pipe, and gave his orders without paying the least attention to the storm that was whistling about

his ears, was truly admirable. As for the lady, even after I had assured her that payment was to be made for the hire of her steeds, she was by no means satisfied. She continued to pour upon us a stream of mingled scorn and abuse in a fashion which would not have disgraced a Margaret of Anjou; nor did she cease till, having mounted, we took ourselves off beyond reach of her vocal artillery.

Notwithstanding that two of our horses were mares heavy in foal, we traversed with considerable rapidity a long extent of dreary country, exposed to a most disagreeable mist and rain, which drove right in our faces; and, passing another lagoon, reached the most miserable village of Khanlick, a considerable time after dark, cold, wet, and weary. It was by far the worst resting-place we had seen, and we fared accordingly, although we took up our abode in the chief's house. A sorry chief he was, Heaven knows! His house could boast of but one room for his family and guests; and when we came to examine into the matter of *provant*, it was found that his

stock consisted of just nothing at all. After a good deal of parley, the long, lean, dirty wife betook herself to kneading dough, part of which, when well tumbled about, she sliced into small pieces, and set to boil with some milk and water. This she was pleased to call *chorba,* or *soup.* I need not say, that it tasted only of the two last-mentioned ingredients. The rest of the dough she worked up, and fried with butter, into the semblance of a dish called côtlemah, made by my old friends the Toorkomans; and these two dishes, seasoned with some pickled cabbage of the country, formed our dinner: I eked it out with a dish of tea.

All this cookery had heated the small room so much, and filled it so completely with the fumes of fried butter, in addition to those proceeding from mine host, his wife and children, the Tatar, my servant, and some guides, that to sleep was impossible. The floor was literally covered with human beings,—the air suffocating. I rose more than once to open the door, which some kind friend took the earliest opportunity of shutting. So, after some hours of torture, in which my companions by no

means appeared to participate, I took up my own hair-cloth bag and air pillow, and fairly went forth and laid it down in the next room, at a hazard. It turned out to be the cow-house and stable, and therefore not the nicest place possible under foot; but so much preferable was its atmosphere, and the effluvia of the quadrupeds to that of the bipeds, that I soon fell into a comfortable nap, and slept till morning.

In the morning (of the 3rd of March) we found we had to fight the usual battle for conveyances, and this time with very indifferent success. There was not, they assured us, a horse to be had; the only manner in which they could accommodate us with the means of locomotion, was by furnishing us with two carts drawn each by four bullocks! and with these, spite of grumbling and threatening, we were forced to put up. But this was not the only disappointment we were doomed to meet at Khanlick. We learned here, that the bridge over a stream at some distance having been carried away, we should be forced to make a circuit of some twelve to twenty miles

to get round the lagoon from where it issues. This to persons who hoped to reach Sillistria, and cross the Danube to the quarantine station, before sun-down, was pretty provoking; but there was no help for it: so, the bullock-carts being produced, we got into them and drove away.

I wish you could have seen the face of Allee Aga as he first looked at, and then insinuated his short dumpy frame into, the rickety conveyance he was perforce to trust to. Not a word did he utter, but the expression even of his impassive face said, as plainly as words could say, "Heaven preserve me! is it come to this? Allah send me free of this savage country, where no *Beggees* are to be had, and Tatars are forced to bundle into a bullock-cart!"

The bullock-carts carried us, nevertheless, very fairly across some pretty hills; after which we came down upon a really noble lake, along the side of which we passed to a cluster of hovels, called Geurlitza,—one stage. We had thought Khanlick a miserable place; but what was it in point of wretchedness to Geurlitza?

The best house in it would hardly admit us, and could not produce the means of warming up a half-boiled fowl for breakfast. But our anxiety was rather for our future progress than our present comfort. A fine village which appeared on the hill face above the lake, just opposite, was, we were told, only three hours distant from Sillistria, and not one hour of distance from us as we looked at it from Geurlitza; whereas it would take us five to go round, and not a horse to carry us! This information set Allee Aga's wits to work; he went to the side of the lake, and finding a small punt there, capable as it seemed, with care, of carrying four persons in perfectly calm water, he persuaded the people to try and ferry us over the lake.

I was too anxious for proceeding to make any difficulties, and accordingly half of our baggage being placed in the frail bark, which was manned by a man and a boy, the Tatar and myself got in, leaving my servant to come with the rest of the luggage next trip. But no sooner had I embarked than a qualm came over me, and I half repented my rashness. No canoe

was ever so ticklish or unsteady; and its gunwale was so near the water, that the little tiny waves which were raised by a sweet air came lapping in over it; and they seemed to take a malicious pleasure in increasing in size as we advanced towards the centre, where, had we upset, our fate was inevitable, for I had my cloak, Tatar boots, and stockings on; and as for the Tatar, he was armed cap-a-pie, having, in addition to his usual gear, stuck his heavy pistols in his belt, so that he must have gone down like a stone. He was in a terrible fright, pale as a ghost; and he often pointed to his heart to signify how it was thumping, as he ejaculated, "Alla Kereem!—God is merciful!" As for me, I began seriously to cast about for the means of escape in case of accident. To get off either cloak or boots was impossible; but I blew up my air-pillow as a life preserver, to use should we be overturned. The least increase of wind would have done the business, and more than once it did threaten to blow harder: but Providence was kind; and by dint of taking the lee side of a bank of reeds, and gallantly stemming the open sea

which we could not avoid, we reached a little opening in another reedy bank, and, diving through it, found ourselves, as if by magic, at the other side.

Once more on shore, the Tatar's colour and courage returned, and the first use he made of it was to press a horse and cart which were upon their own business close by, to carry our baggage up to the village. The boat in the mean time returned for the servant, who made his appearance safe and sound in little more than an hour. By twelve o'clock of the day we were all ready for a start; but our host, though good-humoured, was slow, and it was considerably past one o'clock before the two carts required for ourselves and our baggage could be mustered.

Not slow, however, were the little ponies which at length he furnished. Full of mud and mire as were the roads, on they dashed. By three o'clock we passed the large village of Addakewy, and saw the fortress of Sillistria right a-head, and the village and quarantine station of Calarasse on the Walachian side of the river. A short while brought us to Sil-

listria itself, so celebrated in the late Russian campaigns, which is situated on a flat tract upon the river-bank; but I had no time either to examine or to enter it, as I was anxious to get into the quarantine that night, in order to save a day. Indeed, it had already been examined by far abler eyes than mine. It was plain, however, even from the most cursory view, as we rode along the glacis, that the place, so far from being in complete repair, had been greatly neglected; and the embrasures of the walls and bastions were scarcely one half of them armed with cannon, while even those left were unserviceable iron guns, not worth carrying away.

Driving at once to the shipping-place on the river-bank beyond the walls, we hired a caik to take us to Calarasse; but the foolish affectation of business-like precision on the part of the Turkish custom-master delayed us so much that it was past five in the evening ere we got clear. We rowed hard, and fast enough we went with oars and stream; yet the last beams of the sun had disappeared while we were yet in the creek that leads to Calarasse.

At length we reached the landing-place; and my fears were so far quieted, by finding no objection made to receiving us, though after sunset. Instantly jumping on shore, and getting our baggage hoisted on the boatmen's shoulders, we marched straight to the enclosure, which was to be my prison for the next twenty days. In ten minutes more, that is, by a short while after six, we were within its walls. Oh, how I rejoiced!—there was rest for me, at length.

On applying to the director, I found letters for me. I was expected, and the best quarters which the place afforded had been prepared for me; they consisted of two small rooms with a stove in each, and a raised platform on one side, projecting half the breadth of the apartment: one of these was for my servant, the other (the interior one) for myself; both were clean and well-built, though coarsely finished. Here, after asking me what I would have for dinner, the director left me to make my own arrangements; a guardian was appointed, and I was duly locked up. Next day completed the examination of my effects; the

following one, the purification of my person; and I was then left to amuse myself as best I might. But I do not purpose inflicting on you the tediousness of a twenty-one days' quarantine. My time did not pass heavily, for I had plenty of employment in writing, and making a series of drawings of the Bosphorus and of Constantinople, which you shall one day see. In due time I was released, and rejoined those of my party from whom I had so long been separated: anxiety and repeated disappointment had borne hard on them; but in other respects no home could have afforded them more of tenderness and comfort—no relatives could have watched over them with more solicitude than the kind consul and his most amiable sister. A five months' sojourn is a serious intrusion on any family, but the frank kindness of their hosts soon made them feel as members of that which they had so unexpectedly joined; and when, at length, the day of departure came, I scarcely think that the parting of the nearest relatives could have been more trying to all. It was alleviated, however, by the hopes of a pleasant meeting

in a better land; in which I, too, hope soon, dear, to join you in health and happiness, and to talk over all these matters more at large, in the comfort of our own well-beloved home!

THE END.

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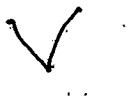

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